

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

BRIEF INDEX:—Reviews: Wilson's Travels in Norway, Sweden, &c. 209; Tales of Chivalry and Romance, 211; Mr. Bloant's MSS. 212; Dartmoor, a Descriptive Poem, 214; Nichols's Progresses, parts x and xi, 216; Obstinacy, a Tale, 217; Young's Method of Instructing the Deaf and Dumb, 217; Volcano in the Sandwich Islands, 217.—Original: Mr. McCulloch's Lectures on Political Economy, 218; Mr. Alaric A. Watts—Plagiarism, 219; The Rambles of Asinodens, 219.—Necrology: John Pinkerton, Esq. 220; Mathieu, Duc de Montmorency, 221.—Original Poetry: The Maid of the Lyre, 222.—Fine Arts: Lieutenant Moore's Views, 222; Milton's Paradise Lost, 222; Society of British Artists, 222; Diorama, 222; Pœcilorama, 223; Mr. David's Pictures, &c. 223.—The Drama, 223.—Literature and Science, 223.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Travels in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Hanover, Germany, Netherlands, &c. By WILLIAM RAE WILSON, Esq. F. S. A., Author of Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land. Illustrated by Engravings. 8vo. London, 1826. Longman and Co.

No class of authors, perhaps, presents a greater variety than travellers: some go to foreign parts, so intent on the pursuit of a particular object or science, that it engrosses their whole attention, and they return as ignorant of every thing else as when they left their native home. Howard, when Catharine of Russia invited him to court, stated his object in travelling in his answer to her majesty, when he said—"I come not to visit palaces, but prisons." Some go abroad merely to idle away their time, and get themselves qualified to be members of the traveller's club. Another class of travellers, and those often the most entertaining, and by no means the least useful, are persons who travel to study the manners, the political institutions, and the national power of countries, as compared with our own.

Such a traveller is Mr. Rae Wilson, whose volume, reeking with the moisture of the press, is now before us. Actuated by the most amiable feelings, and wishing rather to find 'nations emulating our own in the domesticating and humanizing virtues' than otherwise, he set out on a journey through Norway, Sweden, and Denmark; and, without entering into very learned inquiries or elaborate descriptions, we must say he gives us an excellent picture of the state of society in those and the other countries through which he travelled. Perhaps some of his details may be deemed too trivial; but it is frequently in the minutest particulars that we discover shades of character. His admiration of the powers that be is rather too ardent; but, while we entertain no respect for Carl John of Sweden, who was one of the least worthy and most ungrateful of Napoleon's marshals, we agree with him in thinking that in the Swedish character there is much to admire. We also agree with him that both Sweden and Denmark are worthy of being visited, on account of their romantic and picturesque scenery.

Mr. Wilson is a very industrious and a very inquisitive traveller, and he has in consequence collected much information relative to the countries he described. He has also given, in an appendix, several documents relative to their political constitutions, statistics, &c. The volume has, however, reached us too late in the week to enable us to point out its most distinctive features, and

we can for the present merely select a few extracts; the first relates to some of the amusements at Copenhagen:—

'Among the principal amusements in the capital may be mentioned, first, the theatre, situated in the great square, or King's Market, but it by no means possesses, either externally or internally, that elegance and splendour which might be expected in a metropolis; nor will it bear any comparison with the theatres of other European capitals. The passage, on entering, is small, and the box-lobbies are narrow. Looking-glasses are placed in the corridor, at the back of the boxes, that visitors may adjust their dress, if necessary, before they enter them. This house has a gloomy appearance, not only on account of its dinginess, but from being badly lighted, having merely a small circular chandelier suspended from the roof, which is drawn up during the performance, when the stage only is illuminated. Over the stage are these words:—

FI BLØT TIL LYST

meaning, "Not for pleasure only," intimating that mental improvement ought to be connected with theatrical performances. On the sides of the boxes are paintings of the busts of Holburg, Ewald, and other Danish dramatic writers. There are two rows of boxes, besides small slips underneath, and a gallery. The king's seat is to the right of the stage, and projects five feet, in the form of a semicircle. It is plain, and not surmounted by the royal arms. The Princes' seats are next to it. Accommodations, also, in a similar form, opposite, are appropriated for the use of the maids of honour, who attend the royal family. The boxes of this theatre are let for 10 and 12 dollars for the season, and put up to auction in September. The price of each place in the pit is four, and in the boxes eight marks. The players have no exclusive benefits at the end of the season, as in other countries. Performances take place nightly, excepting on Wednesday and Sunday, although, as I formerly mentioned, there is a minor theatre open on the latter day. The house opens 1st of September, and closes 1st of June. When the royal family honour it with their presence, should they at any time, during or after the performance, stand up, this is a signal for all present to follow their example, and on resuming their places, all take their seats also. There are about 40 performers in the orchestra, and the music is excellent.

'On occasion of a new piece being produced, a singular mode is adopted for ascertaining the approbation or disapprobation of the audience. Not the slightest interruption

occurs throughout any part of the performance; but the moment the curtain is dropped after it is concluded, a roar or yell is set up by those who disapprove of the piece, while those who are favourable towards it, express their approbation as loudly by clapping and cheering. This competition commences in the pit, where all stand up and carry on the warfare, looking round the house, and striving to get others to join their party. For the time the whole theatre is in as great uproar as that which took place during the O. P. rows at Covent Garden. These hostilities are permitted to endure for about twenty minutes, by which time it is determined if the piece is to be repeated or condemned. Three strokes are then given on a gong, from behind the stage, as a signal, that the period allowed for this expression of the public opinion is expired, when in an instant silence is restored, and the spectators depart. After this, the police are justified in apprehending any person who attempts to renew the contest. In some cases this has actually occurred, and not long ago, a severe fine was imposed upon one lady, for clapping her hands some time after the gong had sounded.'

'Another species of amusement, which is denominated the Papingo or painted bird, is a very favorite and popular diversion in Denmark, and of this it may be necessary to give some description. A society is constituted of various members, called the King's shooting club, who have a code of laws and regulations drawn up for their observance; and it is under the direction of nine managers. The entrance money is 60 dollars. Members are admitted by ballot, and on election receive a diploma on parchment, with the seal of the society, of which I have been favoured with a copy. The meetings are held in a large building in the environs, and members are decorated with an order or badge of distinction, which is the figure of a gilt bird, with outstretched wings, perching on a branch of laurel. This is worn on the left breast, and attached to a button-hole of the waistcoat by a green silk ribband. On the breast are marked the letters D. C., meaning "Danish Company." On one side of the branch is the date 1542, and on the other 1739. In the month of August, when the amusement commences, the members meet in their hall, and proceed in formal procession to an adjoining field on the west side of the city. The bird to be shot at is the size of a parrot, gilded, and placed on the top of a high pole. According to a law of the institution, the competitors fire at this mark with large rifle pieces, charged with balls, weighing about ten

pounds. Those pieces are rested on a triangular stand. Whoever is so fortunate as first to strike the wing of the bird is entitled to a prize. This is sometimes a pair of candlesticks, or a silver tea-pot and tea-spoons. Whoever hits the tail is entitled to another prize, and he who wounds the body, is complimented with the principal one, which weighs at least 65 ounces of silver, and receives the appellation of the "Bird King." These prizes are surmounted with the royal cypher and crown. His Danish Majesty opens this ceremony in person, and is entitled to the first shot, the Queen to the second; and they are followed by the other branches of the royal family in succession. The firing continues until the bird falls. In returning to the hall, the "Bird King," accompanied by the procession, first enters the room, and has the honour of sitting at the head of the table, laid out for an entertainment, even in the presence of his majesty. On this occasion, he is understood to be invested with peculiar privileges, such as proposing toasts, directing the order of the feast; and his own health is first given by the judges. The members pay 100 dollars each. The festival is honoured by the presence of the royal family, and no person, excepting the members, the foreign ministers, and other distinguished persons who are specially invited, can be admitted.

I am not aware that any thing of this nature takes place in England, although it is well known that firing at marks was one of those popular sports anciently exercised; and even so late as 1709, prizes of various descriptions were offered at Islington, near London, such as a pair of doe-skin breeches. At that time the competition was confined to sixty men, and the terms on which the privilege was granted was fixed at a subscription of one shilling and sixpence each. Archery was an ancient and chivalrous amusement, and is certainly a manly, graceful, and invigorating one. It appears to have been cultivated in England, down to 1540, when it was superseded or neglected, owing, perhaps, to the introduction of artillery and muskets. This sport of the bow is different from many which are charged with inhumanity.

The crowne

Of England's pastime, when her Robin Hoode
Had wont each yeare, when May did clothe
the wood

With rustic greene, to lead his young men out,
Whose brave demeanor oft, when they did
shoot,

Invited royal princes from their courts,
Into the wild woodes, to behold their sports.

It is still a practice in Scotland, particularly in Edinburgh; and archers formed the body-guard of our gracious sovereign on his late visit to Caledonia, where he was hailed with such rapture and enthusiasm. I am enabled to state, from personal knowledge, that a practice, nearly similar to that in Denmark, occurs at Kilwinning, in the county of Ayr, Scotland, where it has been kept up for time immemorial. There the bird is painted green, and in the shape of a parrot, and is placed on one part of the tower of the ancient cathedral. The day of shooting is in

general about the end of July, and is fixed by a committee. The successful candidate is named the captain. Originally the prize was a piece of Persian taffety, three ells in length and three quarters in breadth, of several colours, and worth about £20 Scots: this was termed a benn, and tied round the body of the successful marksman, as a mark of honour. This game, with another, namely shooting with bow and arrow, called the Butts, fell into disuse for some years, but was restored in 1688, when a society was constituted, and the prize consisted of a piece of silver plate. In 1725, a silver arrow was substituted for the plate, and has continued to be the prize ever since. A silver arrow is kept by the secretary, to which every captain affixes a medal of silver, with his name, and the date of gaining the prize. He gives, at his own expense, a grand entertainment and ball, to which the nobility and gentry are invited. Last year was the 348th anniversary of this ancient amusement. A similar diversion takes place in some of the departments of France, instituted in 1272, to render young men expert marksmen, where the height of the mark is 50 yards, and the successful candidate is rewarded with a cap, a pair of white gloves, and a silver medal. He is styled "king;" and should he bring down the bird two successive years, receives the appellation of "emperor." This personage enjoys extraordinary privileges, being exempted for twelve months from paying any taxes; and, during that period, is not liable to have military billeted on him. In Dresden, also, a custom of a like nature occurs; but these they fix in a kind of box, on a high pole, which can be lowered, when necessary, like the mast of a ship. On this is placed, the figure of an eagle, finely decorated, which is shot at with cross-bows.

In Copenhagen property is much depreciated and provisions are low. Mr. Wilson says,—

I was greatly surprised at the accounts I received of the depreciation of property. In some instances, such was the smallness of the sums for which, it was said, estates might be purchased, that I own I entertained great doubts of the authenticity of the information. The most striking instance was an estate of 300 acres of land, with an elegant mansion, built at the expense of £20,000, sold a short time before I arrived, at the low price of £1200, and the purchaser was accommodated with a delay of two years to pay the price! Another estate of from 2 to 300 acres, with several houses, was disposed of at the price of £1000. I also heard of a house in the city which had been valued at 25,000 dollars, and was insured in the fire-office at 58,000, having sold for 13,660 rix-dollars; consequently there is the strongest temptation to strangers who are disposed to vest their money in land, and also to enjoy the comforts of a country life at a small expense, to become purchasers. This leads me to notice the cheapness of provisions and servants' wages, especially when compared with the charges in England: for instance, meat is only 2½d. lb. As to game, there is a pro-

fusion exhibited at the doors of shops, where woodcocks are sold at 3s. a couple, a hare at 2s. a roe rein-deer for £1 10s., and a pair of partridges at 2s. Poultry is also in abundance: a turkey, weighing from ten to fourteen pounds English weight, may be bought at 3s. 4d.; ducks, 1s. 8d. a couple; a goose, 1s. 8d.; plump fowls at 1s. each; and a large capon for 2s. Eggs are sold at the rate of twenty for 4d.; butter 10d. per pound. Fish is also in abundance, and moderate in price; salmon being only 3½d. per pound. Lobsters from 8d. to 1s. each. Vegetables are also in vast profusion, and remarkably good and cheap. The same observations apply to wines and liqueurs: common claret is 10½d. a bottle; brandy, (Danish,) 5d. to 6d. a quart; beer, 1½ to 2½d. per bottle. The very best Souchong tea may be had at 3s. 4d. refined sugar for 9d. and brown at 4½d. a pound. Then as to domestics, a coachman may be hired for £1 a month, who is boarded and found in livery. A manservant to wait at table has from £10 to £15, and maid-servants from £4 to £5 yearly. A common labourer is paid 1s. a day and works in summer from five in the morning to eight at night, and during winter from day-light till it becomes dark. Education is at a reasonable rate. With regard to carriages, a coach and horses may be hired at 10s. a day. Posting is at 1s. 1d. a mile. On the whole a person may keep his carriage, four servants, have an elegant suite of apartments, give a dinner to his friends, and many evening parties weekly, for from £400 to £500 a year. Copenhagen, in short, holds out many advantages as a place where every comfort and luxury may be had at a reasonable rate, and a good society of English, Scotch, and other foreigners, as well as natives, may be enjoyed. Estates in the country may be purchased at an exceedingly low rate; moreover, the government is a mild and humane one, an object of no slight importance in the eyes of Englishmen. I have been induced to enter into these details, as the subject may probably attract the attention of those who have large families and small incomes, and are, therefore, obliged to retire to other countries for the purpose of economy, retrenchment, and the education of their children. It should be also observed, that in the interior most articles may be had at one half of the price of those in the capital.

Still continuing in the neighbourhood of Copenhagen, Mr. Wilson says,—

In returning to the city I perceived artificial mounds of earth, of a considerable height, which had been erected the 2d of April, 1801; beneath them are deposited the ashes of those who fell at the bombardment of the city. A flight of steps leads to the top, where is an obelisk inclosed by a circle of trees; and here, upon a variety of rough stones, similar to those we see in grottos, are cut the names of many, both military and naval heroes, who had distinguished themselves on that unfortunate occasion. On a door, in front, apparently leading to a vault, are the words:—

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To commemorate the eventful period of the invasion, medals were struck, with the following inscription: "They fell, but Denmark stood." On the reverse: "Merited by valour and by blood."

(To be continued.)

Tales of Chivalry and Romance. Small 8vo. Edinburgh, Robertson and Co. 1826.

If not the age of chivalry, this may be termed the age of poetry, at least if we judge from the quantity of it that annually issues from the press. Much of this is devoted to oblivion, even from the moment of its birth. It finds few readers beyond the immediate circle of the respective writers. There is also a considerable portion of very respectable poetry—poetry beyond mediocrity—such as, at an earlier period might have insured the reputation of its authors, and yet is so eclipsed, by first-rate productions, as scarcely to obtain notice. In fact, we ought not to be surprised at finding the public so fastidious in this respect: for surely, if at any period, mediocrity in this species of composition is not now likely to meet indulgence, when we can reckon up such a host of names since the time of Cowper, the latest, we believe, of those who have been included in any standard edition of our poets. To what extent some future collection of the British poets will be carried we dare hardly conjecture, nor how many tomes will be devoted to the laureate's epics alone. Neither can we with prudence surmise who, of the countless followers of the muses, will be excluded from shining there—their names alone would make a volume equal to Boyle's Court Guide.

We have been led into these reflections by the present volume, which certainly exhibits much poetical talent, many animated passages, and much pleasing versification. The title, indeed, does not seem a very appropriate one, as it consists chiefly of three poems:—The Fall of Constantinople, in two cantos; Tecumthe, in three cantos; and The Guerilla Bride. The first of these subjects is certainly a very splendid one; as treated here it is little more than a poetical sketch, but is one well calculated to excite interest at the present period, when the fate of Greece has excited so much sympathy and attention.

It opens with much spirit in the following address to Greece; and to say that it may be read with pleasure after what has been already written with so much enthusiasm on the subject, must be allowed to be no small praise:—

'Immortal Greece,—the Aonian muses sung,
Whilst yet the triumphs of a world were young!
Immortal Greece!—still later minstrels sing,
Which Time's far echoes thro' the heaven's
vault ring!

Ting'd with the golden ray of Glory's light,
Which makes the past in memory purely bright,
Ev'n as some planet of yon starry sphere,
Which from the dawn of worlds, illumined here
The face of nature with its beauteous beam;
So, thy bright spirit, glowing with the dream

Of former splen'our, vivifies the soul
With days, when Reason knelt at Freedom's
goal;

When proud Olympus rose,—the seat of Jove,—
And every cloud-capt height which tower'd
above,

Some deity enthron'd,—till each bright spot
Was hallow'd round by an immortal lot:
Land of the gods! let Fancy still renew
The glorious vision in its loveliest hue,—
Let Hope rekindle from thy fame, its fires,
'Ere Freedom's last exhausted spark expires,
And Genius soar, triumphant o'er each scene,
To tell a tottering world, what thou hast been!

'Lo! on the wing of Science, reason soars
To gaze,—to glow at thy immortal shores,—
Where from Parnassus,—poesy's high font,
To classic Helicon,—the muse's haunt,—
Down, where Ilissus, sweetly murmuring flows,
And Tempe's vale with summer's fragrance
glows;

Or where yon marble columns strew the soil,
Alas, become mankind's unhallow'd spoil,
Where fam'd Athena, devastated rears
Her disrown'd head, Learning,—to claim thy
tears:

There, too, she pauses, on some heart-felt theme,
And paints the sacred groves of Academe;
Raises her brow, majestic at the thought
Where Solon sentenced, and where Plato
taught,—

And Learning, bursting from primeval Time,
Stood up, enthron'd with Liberty sublime.
Or, where the sterner glories of the land,
Bid Nature's soul to Honour's shouts expand,
When Freedom raised her banner with a strain
Of fervent joy, on Marathon's plain;
Stood up, and shook her tresses, to the three
Immortal hundred, at Thermopylae;—
O'er sea-fam'd Salamis, her splendours shed;
And heroes brave, who at Platea bled:—
There Memory hails, with energy divine,
And o'er each sacred site, uprears a shrine,
For man to homage with devoted praise;
Where Triumph showers its most resplendent
rays,

And War itself redeems the fiery glow,
Which laid, with blood-stained hands, its vic-
tims low.

Ennobled land! which Fancy's dreams prolong,
The sun of ages, and the soul of song;
Whose patriot themes in history's page con-
fess'd,

Inspire the loftiest thoughts in mankind's
breast;

Whose heroes arm'd with Liberty's bright sword,
Knelt at her altars, and her laws ador'd,
And daring all, awoke the battle strain,
Smil'd at Death's pangs, and sunk upon the
plain:

Tho' o'er thee, Freedom now, lets fall its sigh,
And say, "Behold the grave of Liberty;"
And Glory with a melancholy smile,
Leans o'er each fane and desolated pile;
Tho' round the Delphian cliff for evermore
Sad Ruin treads the solitary shore,
And turban'd strangers climb the steep divine,
Where sat Apollo, and the heavenly Nine.—
Still, still must Earth, as to a meteor bright,
Turn its o'er-wandering gaze, and with the light
From Fame's, from Freedom's, Wisdom's,
Beauty's shrine,

Exclaim, "The soul's full adoration's thine;"
And as day's beauteous orb, whose heavenly
rays

Have sunk from Nature's animated gaze,
Yet, which in one refulgent flood of light
Gave its expiring glance to mortal sight,

Leaving an awe-struck world to own its power,
And sigh to lose the captivating hour,
Which Grace and Beauty marked with hues
sublime,

Upon the varying, vivid, arch of Time:
Thus, on the soul, thy memory deeply glows,
And wakes a feeling, which is not repose,
But an o'er-mastering sympathy which draws,
The tender tribute of the heart's applause,
Which Earth to view again may vainly crave
Of all, once brilliant, beautiful, and brave.'

The writer has not attempted any thing like a narrative of the important event which he has chosen as the title of his poem; but merely takes a rapid glance of the principal historical points connected with it. Among the reflections which he has interspersed, that to Hope possesses much feeling, although it must be confessed that the construction of the last lines is not strictly grammatical, nor the verse so polished as it might have been:

'How beautiful is Hope;—oh, what were life
Without its aid benign, to soften strife;—
To smooth the rugged path-way of our care,
And bloom as roses scattering incense there.
How beautiful is Hope;—the pilgrim's heart
Through the world's round, would feel full
many a smart

Of keener anguish, were it not for such,
To heal the wounded bosom with its touch!
Then let man taste the balsam it distils,
To cheer his fears away, and soothe his ills;
Upon Hope's bosom, let him lay his head,
And woo the syren, to his thorny bed,—
In her fair arms, unheed the coming hours,
And dream his fortune lies alone 'midst flowers;
Dream while he may,—for when just lull'd to
rest,

With Fancy playing round Enchantment's
breast,
His soul is startled, and in waking, hears
The loud-ton'd thunder, rattling from the
spheres;

He turns to clasp Hope's image in his arms—
'Tis flown—and left him to his lone alarms;
He flies, until o'ertaken by Despair,
Falls, and sepulchres all his life's joys there.'

The following brilliant picture of Spanish scenery, from the *Guerilla Bride*, exhibits the writer's ability in a different style of versification:—

'Bright is Hesperia's wide domain,
Its sierra,—forest,—glade, and plain,—
No golden ray that summer showers
Upon the eastern Eden-bowers,
To light creation's rich expanse,
And mellow with its golden glance:—
No beauteous star that softly shines,
Which the blue firmament enshrines.
Within its zone of gems—at even,
To deck the diadem of Heaven:—
No hazy zephyr as it flies,
To waft a paradise of sighs,
Diffusing round the languid breast,
(By noontide's sultriness oppress'd,)
The cool luxuriance of its soft
And fragrant air,—that scarce aloft,
Save with a gentle motion weaves,
Among the green embowering leaves:—
No wild flowers on the breast of Spring,
That all their balmy sweetness bring,
Exhaling incense to the morn,
For nature's rich redundant horn:—
No fruits that in profusion crown,
Autumna's bountiful renown,—
On bending tree, or spreading vine,
The parents of ambrosial wine,

Which art improv'd hath learnt to sip,
Distilling nectar for the lip:
Oh, vainly, in each lovely land,
Where all such smiling charms expand,
To throw delicious feelings round
The frame,—in sense,—in sight,—or sound,
Vainly may fancy hope to find,
Allurements brighter for the mind,
Than what Hesperia's plains unite,
In nature's gifts to yield delight!

Had we room, we might easily extend our extracts to the author's advantage, but those we have given may be considered as very fair samples of his poetical abilities and versification; and we may justly assert that his volume possesses claims on public attention. Among the other pieces of which it consists, is an Address to the Author of Waverley, a prose Essay on Lord Byron, and an Elegy on his death. It was not very easy to produce any thing very striking on a theme already so hackneyed as the last-mentioned subject; but the concluding stanzas, which we here quote, will show that he has treated it with simple and elegant pathos:—

'And is "self-exil'd Harold" then no more,
And hath he kiss'd the dust,—the general
doom?
The tears of Genius moisten every shore,
And mourn in sorrow o'er the pilgrim's tomb.
'That brilliant star, so radiantly on high,
Which long had kindled admiration's glance,
Illumining the realms of poetry,
Hath waned, and left us in dejection's trance.
'Yet upon Harold's tomb must memory long
Pour all the tributes of immortal fame,
Whilst proud Parnassus, to the child of song,
Shall blend his greatness, with each honour'd name.
'There may some Conrad's heart, with grief
oppress'd,
Humbled to softness, mourn his timeless
bier,—
And spirits like his sweet Medora's breast,
Speak all their sorrow in each trickling tear.
'And thou,—oh Hellas,—to whose shrines
adored
The pilgrim flew, with generous relief,—
Dictating honour at thy counsel board,
Or leading on to combat, as thy chief:—
'How must thou mourn,—the warrior, sage,
and bard,—
Oh, when did Sorrow's heart-felt wailings
cease?—
He,—who in Freedom's cause gain'd Fame's
reward,
And gave his love,—his lyre, and life to
Greece.'

Mr. Blount's MSS. being Selections from the Papers of a Man of the World. By the Author of Gilbert Earle. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 534. London, 1826. C. Knight.

In a former number of *The Literary Chronicle*, we alluded to this work, and gave an extract. It purports to consist of a body of letters and extracts from a diary kept by Mr. Blount, and intended as a memoir of his life. They are principally dated from the Continent during the period between 1788 and 1802; the work displays much of that fidelity of description and true pathos which characterizes the author's former volume, *Gilbert Earle*. A portion of the first volume relates

to that fearful event, the French revolution, particularly the opening of the States General and the taking of the Bastille; we believe, however, after all that has been said or written on the subject, this hated prison was surrendered to the Parisian mob, and not carried by assault. After the Bastille was taken, the mob wreaked their vengeance on the officers:

'M. de Launay, the governor, seemed to be the object of universal execration. He not only was the governor of the Bastille, but he had been individually and peculiarly obnoxious and hated as such. It is said that there would, more than once, have been insurrections of the prisoners, and sometimes of the troops, in the Bastille, if it had not been for the mildness, firmness, and moderation of M. de Losme, his major, who was as much beloved as the governor was detested. But, alas! this amiable and excellent man was here also; and no distinction seemed to be made between the fate which impended over both. There were only these two officers who arrived at the Place de Grève—some had escaped altogether—and two had been killed on the way.

'M. de Launay was a man apparently near fifty; his head was uncovered, and his dress was greatly disordered. His face was the picture of despair. Though a brave man physically, I doubt not—indeed, his endeavour to blow up the Bastille sufficiently proves this—the horrors of such a death as this seemed almost to have unstrung his nerves. His cheek was deadly white—his eyes were glazed and haggard. In the midst of the most appalling cries, he was dragged to the usual place of execution: a ruffian behind him raised an axe with which he was armed—struck—and the head rolled upon the pavement! It was instantly snatched up, placed upon the end of a pike, and carried off to the Palais Royal.

'M. de Losme's fate was different. M. de Launay was just slain, and the crowd were tearing the major, one from another, that each might be the most forward in putting him to death, when a man, apparently about thirty, forced his way through the crowd—threw himself between De Losme and his nearest assailants, and exclaimed, "Stop! you know not what you do!—you are about to kill the most humane, the most excellent man in the world! I was five years in the Bastille: to his humanity I owe every thing!—all other prisoners would say the same!"

'M. de Losme, who seems to have retained his courage and presence of mind in a very remarkable manner, raised his eyes upon hearing these words, and said, "Young man, what are you about to do? Retire—you will only sacrifice yourself, without being able to save me!"

'But the Marquis de Pelleport, (for so, I have since learned, this generous person is named,) would not thus abandon the man to whom he felt cause of gratitude. He perceived that the crowd, literally howling for blood, paid no attention to what he said,—probably did not hear it. But, although he was unarmed, he flung himself before M. de Losme, and strove to keep off the populace with his hands. He received se-

veral wounds, from axes, from sabres, and from bayonets; at length he seized a gun from the hands of one of those who pressed most upon him, and made the most furious resistance, both for himself and for his friend. At last he was overpowered by numbers, disarmed, and forced at a distance from him. He then urged his way through the crowd, and sank exhausted on the steps of the Hôtel de Ville. I strove to get near him, to be of what assistance I could to a man so noble; but before I could extricate myself from the throng, he had already been removed by his friends. I have since heard he is doing well.

'M. de Losme, in this conflict, was overwhelmed with blows; he fell pierced with wounds; and M. de Pelleport has at least the consolation of reflecting that he secured this excellent person from dying, even in outward form, the death of a malefactor.

'I have subsequently made inquiries respecting M. de Pelleport. I find that he was imprisoned in the Bastille, some years ago, for a political pamphlet which he had published, and which was obnoxious to the existing government. He was separated from his wife and children, whom he was obliged to leave in distress, amounting to penury. A very touching anecdote is told concerning his lady. She had made application, through some of the governors, to have two of her children taken into the military school. One of them determined upon personally investigating the merits of the case, and called upon Madame de Pelleport for that purpose. She was seated in a miserable room, surrounded by four very beautiful children, who clung to her, and around whom her arms were entwined. Both the mother and the children were in silence and in tears. As soon as Madame de Pelleport saw a stranger, she rose hastily, and retired into another room to compose herself. The general, moved by what he had seen, questioned the children: one of the youngest of them answered, "Mamma says we must all die; because she has had no money left for these two days, since which we have had no food. We cry because she must die with us."—This needs, I think, no comment; but I will add that the general not only complied with the request which had been made to him, but gave her a situation in the school also.

'I have since been over the remains of the Bastille. The workmen are proceeding very rapidly in the work of demolition.

'It is not true that there were, as it was reported, any skeletons found, or any prisoners chained, or any instruments of torture. The real horrors and atrocities of the place were sufficient both to give rise to, and to render needless, such exaggerations. At the time of the surrender, the Bastille contained only seven prisoners. One of them had been there within three weeks of thirty years! the date of his entrance was on the 4th of August, 1759. One poor creature, from the length of his solitary confinement, has become alienated in his mind. He has so long been cut off from all intercourse with his species, that now, that he is restored to it, he has no longer powers to enjoy it.

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‘Thank God! the system of *lettres de cachet* is no more! it can never revive again. It is true that I am not a fellow-countryman to this people, among whom it has so long existed; but, at all events, I am bound to them as a fellow-creature; and no one, with a human heart within his breast, can fail to rejoice at the annihilation of so dreadful an engine of secret and silent tyranny. During the last few days, the archives of the Bastille have been open to the public, and the parts of them which have already appeared would, if I were inclined to so odious a task, furnish me with materials for a history, at which human nature would shudder, and which those who live in future times would not believe.’

To the account of the Bastille, succeeds the story of *Blanche Delvyn* an interesting and well-told tale, much too long to quote, and too good to abridge; some sketches in Germany, and legendary traditions of the country follow; one of these, the *Nymph of the Lurley*, we gave in our former notice of this work, though we have suspicions that it has already appeared in some shape or other, in English before.

It will be easily conceived from what we have already stated, that this work consists rather of a series of unconnected, but often vivid sketches, than of a consecutive story, although the thread of the narrative, is, notwithstanding a few interruptions, in some degree preserved. In the second volume, which is somewhat tedious, we find the vice of gambling thus strongly and sensibly reprehended:—

‘I lost a cruel deal of money, last night, at ———’s. Plague take it, this is paying dearly for one’s whistle, indeed. I must take care what I am about—for I should never do for a poor man; and I am not quite, I hope, the sort of person who would turn rook, after having lost all his feathers as a pigeon. The transition, indeed is by no means rare:—

“On commence par être dupe,
On finit par être fripon.”

‘The history of many a man in this town, (I might say, perhaps, with more propriety, on this town,) is summed up in this distich;—aye, and of men who carry a good face upon it, and are welcome and well received in good society. This, I confess, appears to me to be somewhat an anomaly in our moral code. A woman, who lapses from what is considered the point of honour in her sex, is turned, without recall, from out the social pale. A *cordon sanitaire* is drawn round her to prevent the spread of the contagion to the uninfected. But a man who is known to live upon play—“whose carriage,” as Count Basset has it, “rolls upon the four aces”—whose skill at all games is extreme, and whose luck is, to say the least of it, extraordinary,—such a man, as long as he is not detected in downright (must I use the word?) cheating, is rather looked upon as a person of talent and accomplishment to be admired, than as a swindler to be thrown out at the window. But then, he must play at the best clubs, and fleece the highest, richest, and most fashionable men. Sharpers “in rags” are never to be tolerated. If he be himself a

man of good family, so much the better; but, at all events, he must live in a “good set,” and fly at high game, or he will never get on in this very moral and consistent country. Some century or so ago, younger brothers used to take the air and a purse upon Hounslow Heath; and their merit then consisted in their boldness towards men, and their good breeding towards women. Now we see many a scion of many a noble house expend their small patrimony in initiation into the profession which they carry on afterwards with so much skill and success. It may almost be looked upon as sinking their capital in a business which will ultimately bring them a large return.

‘There is Charles S——, now:—who, does not know Charles S.?—what “man about town” is not proud to boast of his acquaintance?—what numberless aspirants pretend to his acquaintance, though they have it not! This man is the younger son of a baronet, and began the world with a younger brother’s fortune, of some eight thousand pounds, and a commission in the Guards. In about two years he had lost about ten out of his eight thousand pounds, which it cost him his commission, and every thing else he had in the world, to make good. This is six or seven years ago; and he now lives at the rate of from two to three thousand a-year;

“Crowns in his purse he has, and goods at home—”
—money in the funds, horses, equipages, and all other necessities of modern luxury. Who can say that, in a pecuniary point of view, his ten thousand pounds were not well laid out?

‘Still, calculating the odds appears to me to be somewhat a dreary occupation for a lifetime; and cutting a nine at Macao but a questionable accomplishment to have acquired during its course. With these men, play is business—it is regarded and followed as such, and considered only with reference to the hard cash which it produces. They could not seek it as I do—for excitement, for oblivion. They could not invoke the Demon of Gaming to drive out other demons worse even than he. They watch the turn of the last card at Rouge et Noir, and of the die at Hazard, with interest, it is true; but not as I do, with the feverish anxiety I seek to raise, but which they shun with the strongest and minutest care.

‘And do I gain the “forgetfulness of other ills” which I pay so dearly for? For the moment, perhaps I do; but when I walk home at five or six in the morning, with my eyes sunken, my head aching as if it would split, my spirits jaded, my nerves unstrung from over-excitement, the revulsion is almost as bad as the continuance of my former depression could have been. And if I am ruined, which, as I go on, is likely enough, I shall indeed have bought this maddening excitement at a high price. I have never cared or thought about money; perhaps for the reason that I have always had it—at least sufficiently to meet my wants. I have been careless, rather than extravagant, in my expenses: living as a bachelor, with a bachelor’s no-establishment, I could afford to

do this. But the last few months have hurt me. For the first time, I have been obliged to take thought for my resources, and “this mislikes me.” And yet, what can I do?—The enjoyments of family life, of a domestic home, are debarred from me. I cannot vegetate like a plant—never moving from the same spot; inert, monotonous, and moping. I have tried, and it almost wore me to death. If it had killed me at once, I should have thanked it. My mind and heart are in an unhealthy state, and are not to be satisfied with wholesome food: Drains, mental drains, are needful for me now.

‘[The following is of a few days’ later date.]

‘Truly these places have been aptly named—they are indeed *hells*. The appellation was probably originally given in jest, but it has often been a most melancholy earnest. If being the abode of the passions the most evil of our nature—of those least redeemed by one spark of nobleness or generosity—if lust of gain—if frantic and unhalloved joy—if still more frantic and desperate despair—if the sufferings and yellings of the victims, and the icy imperturbability of the presiding demon—if these can make a place resemble hell, then have these places been rightly named.

‘A record of the horrors of a gaming-house would form, at once, a most curious document as regards our moral constitution, and a manual of warning to those about to enter the Charybdis of play. Its chief fault would be, the unvaried density of its shade: without any breaks of light to relieve it, it would be too oppressive to the soul. To wade through the masses of crime, and of self-wrought misery, which such a book would furnish, would be too revolting and painful. But if one of its frequenters, now and then, were to write, faithfully and minutely, his individual confessions, they would, I think, be the strongest moral lesson that ever was read upon the subject. The play of “The Gamester,” as Kemble and Mrs. Siddons act it, is the most powerful rebuke to this vice which now exists; but still it is a work of fiction—and fiction never can possess the moral effect which a real story furnishes. If a man who has lost fortune, fame, self-respect, (and how many are there who answer this description!) by the indulgence of this damnable passion, were to narrate the steps by which, one by one, he was deprived of these the only things which make life worth the living, it would, I am convinced, have a more powerful effect than even the inimitable representation of so tragic a story as that I have mentioned above.

The author then relates the adventures of Jack Barnard, who had sacrificed a small estate in gambling, and carried, not his fortune, but his attachment to the vice, into a prison, where he became the associate of the vulgar and unprincipled fellows, who are to be found in all prisons.

Mr. Blount, crossed in his first love by the melancholy death of the lady, who was coming to England; to be his bride, but perished by shipwreck, and was drawn a lifeless corpse on the shore, marries a lady of for-

tune, and becomes disgusted with the frivolities of fashion:—

‘Let me,’ says he, ‘single out, like Sterne, an individual captive in the cage of Fashion, into whose soul, not the iron, but the tinsel has entered; whose energies, once equal to greater things, have, like the Ogre’s seven-league boots, when drawn upon the legs of Hop-o-my-Thumb, contracted themselves to the size and weight of the matters, to which they have been, for so many years, directed. He would almost be worthy of the name of the hero of Antoine Hamilton’s fairy-tale,—he might well be called “Prince Fiddlestick!” I have one in my mind’s eye at this moment, but whom I will not name, with whom I was at College, and who was originally a man of some capabilities of mind. For the first year he was there, he remained suspended, like Mahomet’s coffin, between literature and foppery; but, (for in those days fantastic colours were still worn,) a pink satin lining to a coat of Lord B.’s turned the scale, and he has been engrossed by fashion and a feather ever since. A wrinkle in his leather breeches is to him, like the doubled rose-leaf of the Sybarite, positive agony; and he was once, if it would not have discomposed his neckcloth, nearly cutting his throat, on account of being disappointed in receiving a card for a particular party at Lady ———’s. He judges of a man, not by his being well bred, or well-informed, nor even by his being rich; but by his being well or ill-dressed. I have seen ineffable and overflowing pity and contempt beam upon his lip, on meeting an acquaintance in a last-year’s coat. And he cut the best friend he had in the world, because, one day, he took shelter from a shower of rain in a Chelsea stage. In society he says little, except sometimes, to correct an error as to “what is allowable;” which he does with a gravity equally sincere and ridiculous. His gravity, indeed, is seldom disturbed.

“He never laughs, whatever jest prevails.” He goes farther than the Delphic Oracle of his tribe, who says that laughter is a most vulgar way of shewing mirth; for he holds that mirth is a very vulgar emotion, and ought never to find entrance into the breast of a fine gentleman. Emotions of all kinds, indeed, are to be deprecated; and, to do him justice, he is as impassive, imperturbable, and cold, as if he were really the block in the Barber’s shop-window. Truly, this unfeathered biped is worthy to rank among that species called Man!

‘As a pendant to this picture, we have Lady ———. Her heart, mind, soul, and body have, for years, been engrossed and swallowed up by this one pursuit. If it be less ridiculous and offensive in her sex than among men, as regards frivolity, it is probably more repulsive with respect to matters of the heart. In woman, where the energies of the intellect are usually less called into action, those of the feelings receive a proportionate increase of force and development. We are so accustomed to find it, that we look for it in all cases, even in those where it does not exist. Accordingly, Lady ——— belies the maxim, that

love is the history of woman’s life, while it is only an episode in that of man. Fashion is the history of her life, and if love ever existed in it, it was only a very brief digression at the beginning. There is a tradition, indeed, that she was in love, as a girl, with L. of the Guards, or, rather, with the clothes to which he was appended; for he had, at that time, the reputation of being the best-dressed man in London. But she was doomed to the common destiny of women of the world;—

“A fop her passion, but her prize a sot.—” She married old Lord ———, who had a coronet and a house in Grosvenor Square to offer her; and scarcely bestowed a sigh upon the colonel, who had nothing in the world but his commission, an epaulette, and a good pair of legs. From that time she has followed her vocation. If her heart has ever whispered to her, which I doubt, she has never listened to it for a moment, but kept on the *un-even* “tenor of her way,” struggling to the top of the gaudy pyramid of Fashion—now on the point of reaching the apex, and now again passed by some newer competitor in the race. And is it to objects like these that woman should yield up that fairest and most lovely gift of nature—her young heart? Is it to the cold glitter of the unfeeling world that she should sacrifice the warmth and freshness of her early life? Oh! did but women know how much the natural charm of unsophisticated feeling is superior, in the eyes, and to the hearts of all men who deserve the name, to the utmost triumphs of fashion, they would not abandon pure and touching nature to follow her cold, callous, and fantastic opposite.

There is much truth in these two portraits, which are well and correctly drawn, and which show that the author is not only acquainted with life, but sensible of its foibles. The Blount MSS. form altogether a very interesting and instructive volume, and will not weaken the reputation the author earned by his Gilbert Earle.

DARTMOOR: A DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

(Concluded from p. 193.)

IN giving a second notice of this volume, it was our intention to confine ourselves to the introduction and the notes; but the poem itself possesses so much real beauty, that we are tempted to give another extract or two. The first is a description of the prison at Dartmoor:—

‘Silent now,—

How silent that proud pile where England held
Within her victor-gripe the vanquish’d foe!
O here full many a blooming cheek was
blench’d,

O here full many a gallant heart was quell’d
By stern captivity; protracted ’till
Hope almost ceased to bless the drooping brave!
At eve the exile stretch’d him on his couch,
And, while the tear stood trembling in his eye,
As night fell on him, thoughts of home awoke
The bitter unregarded sigh. To him
Sweet spring no pleasure brought;—the summer
ray

Gilded the waste in vain; and when the deep
And rufless winter capp’d the cloud-wreath’d
Tor

With snow, and loud the highland tempest
howl’d,

He heard and shuddered. Yet a desperate race,
Men of all climes,—attach’d to none,—were
here,

Rude mingled with the hero who had fought,
By freedom fired, for his beloved France.
And these, as volatile as bold, defied
Intrusive thought, and flung it to the gale
That whistled round them. Madd’ning dance
and song—

The jest obscene, the eager bet, the dice
Eventful;—these, and thousand more, devised
To kill the hours, fill’d up the varied day:
And when the moorland evening o’er them
closed,

On easy pillow slept the careless throng,
To run to-morrow the eternal round
Of reckless mirth, and on invention call
For ceaseless novelty.

‘And others woo’d
The muses, and with soothing song beguiled
The leaden moments. Harp on harp was heard,
Of sweetest melody, and some pursued
Severest lore; and follow’d, with firm step,
Thee Science—thee Philosophy—and gave
The hours to Wisdom. Of this sacred band
Had young Augustin been, but o’er his youth
Misfortune’s blight had passed;—the roseate
bloom

Had vanish’d from his cheek, and Hope, dear
Hope,
That spring dew of existence, cheer’d no more
The soul, and withering consumption now
Drank the life-blood by drops!

‘How beautiful
The vernal hour of life. Then pleasure wings
With lightning-speed the moments, and the
sun

Beams brightly, and nor cloud nor storm ap-
pears

To darken the horizon. Hope looks out
Into the dazzling sheen, and fondly talks
Of summer; and Love comes, and all the air
Rings with wild harmonies. But songs may
cease,

Though caroll’d in the faithless spring, and
Hope

May prove a flatterer, and Love may plume
His wing for flight, and every flower that blows
Be blasted by the tempest’s breath.’

We do not recollect reading any thing
more beautiful or more truly poetical than
the last dozen lines. The next extract is
strikingly descriptive:—

‘But hark! the rush
Of torrents;—enter here,—it is a spot
Almost unknown—untrod;—the traveller
Must turn him from the broad and beaten track
Of men, to find it. Let no heedless step
Intrude profanely,—let the worldling rest
In his own noisy world;—far off,—the vale
Is not for him: but he that loves to pay
His silent adorations where, supreme
In beauty, Nature sits, may spend the hour
Of holiest rapture here. The eternal rocks,
Up-piled to the mid-sky, come sweeping round
Her pious votary; and she has hung
With green undying wreaths the mountain-
walls,
And sprinkled them with mountain-flowers that
bud

And bloom inviolate. So high the cliffs
Ascend into the sunny air, that he
Who walks below sees heaven its azure bend
Above him, like a dome. The turf is soft
And fair, and wears an eye-refreshing hue;
And from its virgin emerald thickly rise

Bright flowers, in glorious rivalry; the gay
And glossy king-cup, and its "neighbour
sweet"
The daisy, silver-ray'd; and, blue as heaven,
The lowly violet; and deeper still,
Than e'en the blue of ocean, that loved child
Of spring—the harebell.

'All as exquisite
As beam, breeze, shower, could mould them;
he who treads
The vale oft steps aside, lest he should press,
With ruthless foot, where forms so exquisite
In silent loveliness upspring. The sward
Now undulates, fair verdant billows raised
Like ocean's when the spring-gale kisses it—
No more. And often on the smiling bank
The hawthorn spreads its snowy blossoms, free
From human grasp rapacious; and below,
Amid the sunny luxury of grass,
Are tufts of pale-eyed primroses, entwined
With many a bright hued flower, and shrub
that scents
The all-voluptuous air; but chief, thine own—
Land of the myrtle—thine own lovely birth,
The fragrant—meek—myrica.'

As Dartmoor has thus become so famed in
song, a description of it may be interesting:

'Dartmoor, exclusively of the surrounding
commons, may be estimated, in length, from
south to north, about twenty miles, and in
breadth, upon an average, from west to east,
ten miles; which agrees with the perambula-
tion made in the 24th of Henry III., as to
length, but is less by four miles than the
breadth then recorded. The chain stretches
from east north-east to west south-west, in a
curving form, (the roundest part being near
Okehampton,) towards a lower chain in
Cornwall, and connected with it, the two
chains making together, in length, from 115
to 118 miles. Both sides have nearly the
same degree of inclination, the rivers on the
north side falling into the Bristol Channel,
those on the south side into the British Chan-
nel. The slope is gradual towards the west,
but on the east is rather abrupt. Dr. Berger
supposed the Moor to contain 350 square
miles of surface, but he must have included
in this amount the adjacent commons, which
are two miles deep or more all round, where-
of Dartmoor is the centre, as well as the
lower chain. In 1796, the number of acres
was computed at 53,644; by Maton, after-
wards, at 80,000; in 1798, at 96,000; and
by a late report to the House of Commons,
at 130,000. Dartmoor is the eastern bound-
ary of Devon. Its highest part is Cosson
Hill, which was estimated by Col. Mudge at
2090 feet; but in a table extracted from tri-
gonometrical observations, conducted under
orders from the Board of Ordnance, this
height is reduced to 1792 feet. Snow re-
mains on Cosson Hill when it has left every
other part of the Moor; and "here," says
Vancouver, "arises the source of all those
blighting vapours carried by the winds
through the country below." Two Bridges
Inn measures, by barometer, 1148 feet, and
the mean height of the Moor is said to be
1782 feet. The lowest part of the same dis-
trict is Bovey Heathfield, part of which lies
below the sea mark.'

In the notes, there is a description of the
prison of Dartmoor,—

'That proud pile, where England held
Within her victor grasp the vanquish'd foe.'
Of this prison, and of the French prisoners,
we are told,—

'At a certain period of the war, ten thou-
sand prisoners were within the walls, and
multifariously ingenious were the methods
by which they endeavoured to kill time.
When that vast ship, the Commerce-de-Mar-
seilles, lay as a prison dépôt in Hamoaze,
she was, in the words of one of the captives,
"a little floating world," and had on board
an excellent band of music, a theatre, ball-
room, gaming tables, fencing and other
schools, workshops, &c. But gaming, above
all, was carried to an extent scarcely ever
exceeded. Prisoners were known to wander
about the decks without any other covering
than a blanket, having lost all their clothes at
cards or dice. Even instances happened of
some staking several days' provision, and un-
dergoing an almost total deprivation of food,
until "the debt of honour" was discharged.'

Among the embellishments of this volume,
there is a cross, called Childe's Tomb, the his-
tory of which is curious:—

'From time immemorial a tradition has
existed in the Moor, and is noticed by sever-
al authors, that John Childe, of Plymstock,
a gentleman of large possessions, and a great
hunter, whilst enjoying that amusement dur-
ing an inclement season, was benighted, lost
his way, and perished through cold, near Fox
tor, in the south quarter of the forest; after
taking the precaution to kill his horse, and,
for the sake of warmth, to creep into its
bowels, leaving a paper, denoting, that who-
ever should bury his body should have his
lands at Plymstock.

"The fyrste that fyndes and brings me to my
grave,
The lands of Plymstoke they shal have.'

'Childe having no issue, had previously
declared his intention to bestow his lands on
the church wherein he might be buried,
which coming to the knowledge of the monks
of Tavistock, they eagerly seized the body,
and were conveying it to that place; but,
learning, on the way, that some people of
Plymstock were waiting at a ford to intercept
the prey, they cunningly ordered a bridge to
be built out of the usual track, thence perti-
nently called Guile Bridge, and succeeding
in their object, became possessed of and en-
joyed the lands until the dissolution, when
the Russell family received a grant of them,
and still retains it.

'In memory of Childe, a tomb was erect-
ed to him in a plain, a little below Fox tor,
which was standing about fifteen years since,
when Mr. Windeat, having received a new
take or allotment, in which the tomb was in-
cluded, nearly destroyed it, by appropriating
some of the stones for building and door
steps. Its form at that time is correctly pre-
served in the annexed vignette. It was
composed of hewn granite, the under base-
ment comprising four stones, six feet long by
twelve inches square, and eight stones more,
growing shorter as the pile ascended, with an
octagonal basement, above three feet high,
and a cross fixed in it. The whole, when
perfect, wore an antique and impressive ap-

pearance. A socket and groove for the cross
and the cross itself, with its shaft broken, are
the only remains of the tomb, on which Ris-
don says there was an inscription, but no one
recollects any traces of it.'

In the commons or wastes of Walkhampton,
there are two curiosities, both deserving
attention:—

'The first is a pool of water, about two
miles south south-west of the prison, called
Clacywell Pool, from an estate adjoining.
The depth has been tried with the bell ropes
of Walkhampton Church, which are between
eighty and ninety fathoms long, and also by
truss ropes, which, before carts came into
use, were employed in this part of the coun-
try for fastening hay, &c., on pack horses,
but without finding bottom. Great numbers
of fish have been placed in it at different
times, but never seen afterwards. The pool
appears to be subject to periodical falls and
rises. On the 22nd of April, 1824, at half
past three in the afternoon, it was higher by
two and a half feet than at the earlier part of
the same day, and it was twelve feet higher
than that in April, 1823. There is a con-
stant burst of water from the side of the hill
before it. The soil around is partly gravel
and partly clay, affording traces either that it
was the crater of an extinct volcano or the
shaft of an ancient mine. Tin has abounded
there from the state of the surface. The cir-
cumference of the pool, at the edge of the
water, is three hundred and five yards, the
perpendicular height of the bank on the back
and two sides, thirty-five feet, and in the
front, about six feet, where it sometimes over-
flows.

'The other curiosity is a stone causeway
or mound, leading from the Burrows between
Leather tor and Sharpitor, on the same com-
mons over Leedon Hill and the forest as far
as Chagford. By some it has been account-
ed a direction for travellers, and by others as
a boundary, but as it bears a resemblance to
the trackways mentioned in the preface, and
may be connected with one or more of them,
it is most probably of that description.'

In our review of Mr. Polwhele's entertain-
ing recollections, we quoted a notice of
Daniel Gun, or Gumb, at he is here called,
and in the notes to this volume, we find the
following account of this extraordinary indi-
vidual:—

'Gumb was bred a stone-cutter, but, by
hard reading and close application from early
youth, he acquired considerable knowledge
of mathematics. Being of a reserved dispo-
sition, and discovering in his occupation, on
Cheesewring hill, an immense block of gra-
nite, whose upper surface was an inclined
plane, he immediately went to work, and ex-
cavating the earth beneath to nearly the ex-
tent of the stone above, he shaped out what
he considered a commodious habitation for
himself and wife. The sides of this excava-
tion he lined with cemented stone, making a
chimney by perforating the earth at one side
of the roof. The entrance was divided into
several small apartments, separated by blocks
of granite, and above was a kind of lodging-
room, formed of two rough stone tables, one
serving as a floor, the other as a ceiling. One

part of the latter rested on a rock, the other on stones placed by main strength, the uppermost of which served as ridges in carrying off the rain water. The whole was surrounded by a walled courtlage. In this rugged dwelling Gumb and his family resided for many years, the top of the house being used by him as an observatory of the heavenly bodies: on which he carved with a chisel various diagrams, explanatory of the most difficult problems in Euclid, and the house itself was his chapel, as he was never known to attend the parish church or any other place of worship. The remains of this extraordinary habitation were visited by Mr. Gilbert, in 1814, when he found the wall of the courtlage fallen, and the whole in a dilapidated state. "Yet here," he concludes the story, "a human being, possessing a mind of gigantic grasp, flew to the 'rock as a shelter,' and far from the busy and frivolous pursuits of mortals, occupied his time in the most abstruse and sublime speculations." On the entrance is inscribed, D. Gumb, 1735.

That the Druid's were acquainted with Dartmoor is evident, from the circles, logans, the cromlech, and the rock basins, that are to be found here,—

"At Drewsteington is a logan or rocking stone. Of a place of this description, Pliny, c. 11, 96, draws an admirable picture, and indeed so vivid, that it almost seems to be placed before the eye: "Juxta Harpasa, oppidum Asiae, cautes stat horrenda, uno digito mobilis. Eadem, si toto corpore impellatur, resistens."

"The logan, when rocked, emits an audible murmur, of a peculiarly awful nature, and from the circumstance of its moving to and fro when touched, takes its name. But Vallancey adopts a nicer definition, tracing it from the Irish logh, divine power or spirit, which the Druids conceived to be infused into the stone, and thence consulted it as an oracle. These crafty priests had the art of inducing their infatuated votaries to believe that they alone could make a logan move, and using it as an ordeal, they thereby condemned or acquitted criminals. They likewise employed it in divination, and to perambulate it was a signal mode of acquiring sanctity. Between Widdicombe Church and Rippen tor there was formerly a logan, called the Nutcrackers, and another on East Down, named the Whooping Rock, from the noise it yielded in tempestuous weather, but the functions of both have long ceased. On the top of Lustleigh Cleave is another small logan. Bryant, in his *Ancient Mythology*, says: "It was usual for the ancients to place one stone upon another for a religious memorial." Apollonius Rhodius, in his first book, also speaks of one.

"The only cromlech on the Moor is at Drewsteington. In the parish of Shaugh, and other places, there are many rocks, which have a Druidical semblance, but Nature here is sportive in her operations, and the mind of the visitor, heated with enthusiasm, imagines some of them to have been consecrated to religious objects, and in most, if not all cases, excepting those specified, erroneously.

"On the summit of Meerdon, near Moreton, was once a large cairn, denominated the Giant's Tomb, and on the opposite side, near Blackstone, is a collection of stones, generally supposed to be Druidical, and thence called the Altar. Some of the tors wear a sublime appearance, and even of art, as if anciently appropriated to the same worship, to which their being split both perpendicularly and horizontally into various shapes and sizes, some regular and some irregular, mainly contributes. Puttor is one of these.

"The number of rock basins is comparatively few, as, though there are numberless rocks and tors, yet all of them do not possess this distinction. Willistone and Blackstone rocks in Moreton, Sharpitor, Pentor, Miltor, Beltor, Kestor, Heytor, several rocks at Holne, and Mistor Pan exhibit them in greater or less perfection. They are always on the verge, and the Druids used them to obtain rain or dew pure and unadulterated from the heavens for lustral waters. Dr. Mac Culloch ascribes rock basins to the decomposition of the stone from the presence of water or the alternate action of air and water, the decomposed matter or gravel being mostly borne away by winds, but in some of the deeper hollows it continues.

"Barrows, "the dark and narrow place of the grave," are not, perhaps, of a Druidical origin, but they often accompany the places resorted to by the followers of that worship. They are common in Moreton, Hennock, Widdicombe, Roborough, Dartmoor, on Quarnell, Hamel, and other downs; and West Beacon Hill, near Ivy Bridge, has several. On Quarnell Down, in particular, there is a barrow ninety-four paces round. One of the tors is so named from its having three barrows. Some of the barrows have been opened, but only bones and fragments of urns were found."

We now take our leave of this charming volume, and trust, that we shall, ere long, not only have to announce its reaching a second, or even a third edition, but that its author has received the reward due to his talents. The more his poem is read, the more it will be admired, as it surpasses in nature, beauty, and sublimity, any production we have seen for some time.

NICHOLS'S PROGRESSES, PARTS X. and XI.

In the two numbers of this interesting work, last published, we find a very curious narrative, entitled 'The magnificent, princely, and most royal entertainments given to the High and Mightie Prince and Princessse Frederick, Count Palatine Palsgrave of the Rhyne; and Elizabeth, sole daughter to the High and Mightie King of England, our Sovereigne Lord.'

The lady here alluded to was the daughter of James I., who was married to the Elector Palatine; they lived happily, until the prince was induced to take the title of King of Bohemia. The narrative of their entertainment in their voyage is so curious, that we give it at length:—

"Nothing can better set forth the greatness of princes, nor more expresse the affection of friends, together with the dutie, love,

and applause of subjects, than those solemne and sumptuous entertainments which are bestowed on great and worthy persons, the outward face of costs and disbursements being the true and lively picture of that harty love which is locked up in the bosomes of the givers.

"Behold here, therefore, a Dutch piece drawne to the life; no expenses being spared to make expression of noble friends, or to give content to those princely receivers of such love, the Palsgrave and the excellent Lady Elizabeth, daughter to our soveraigne; who, upon the 28th of Aprill last past, in the yeere of our Lord 1613, after a short and prosperous passage over the seas, cast anchor as happily before Flushing; which arrivall of theirs being no less welcome than it was generally and heartily expected, the first honourable salutions were given to these two princes by Grave Maurice and Grave Henrick, who went a Dutch mile by water, and lay that night aboard, being as nobly and gladly received by the Palsgrave and his lady.

"The next day, being the 29th of Aprill, they went to land, honourably accompanied with Grave Maurice, Grave Henrick, the Duke of Lennox, the Earle of Arundell, the Lord Viscount Lisle, the Lord Harington, the Lord Effingham, Generall Cicill, besides divers knights and gentlemen; the princessse having attending on her, the Countesse of Arundell, the Lady Harington, the Lady Cicill, Mrs. Anne Dudley, Mrs. Elizabeth Dudley, Mrs. Apseley, Mrs. Maime, with many other English gentlewomen; infinite multitudes of the Dutch nation standing on the shore to behold their arrivall.

"No sooner did they set footing on the land, but, (to make heaven and earth echo forth the report,) the lord admirall sent unto them a volley of great shot, to the number of four hundred; the towne of Flushing answering in the like thunder of two hundred great shot. All the captaines, with the souldiers in garrison, standing in armes on the shore, to receive these princes, and conducting them to their lodgings: the beginning of the night being spent in excellent artificial fire-works, besides other showes and devices, which gave to the beholders admirable pleasure.

"The next morning, being the 30th of Aprill, the Palsgrave having a small traine, departed from Flushing, and went to the Hage; the princessse, his wife, stayed and dined in the towne. In the afternoone shee went to Middleborough, being accompanied with Grave Maurice, Grave Henrick, and the rest of the English lords and ladies, where the burgers of the towne, after a warlike manner, gave her grace a royall and heartie entertainment, with loud and lusty volleys of shot, and so conducted her to her lodging.

"The day following, shee was magnificently feasted at the State House, no words being able to expresse the bounty, royalty, and cost of so princely an entertainment. And in this towne of Middleborough she continued three daies.

"Upon the third of May, the princessse, (nobly accompanied as before,) went to a towne called Treuer, being distant a Dutch

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mile from Middleborough; and at this place the lord admirall, the Lord of Effingham, with all those who had charge in her convoy over the seas, took their leaves of the princesse, and departed for England. Her grace taking ship, went by water and passed by a towne called Tergooze, and so through Zuric seas, first by Armen, then by Old Towne, then by Plat, and at last to William-state, where shee was lodged that night, her traine of followers lying on shipboard.

The next day the princesse and her company left Zealand, and went up the haven to a towne in Holland, called Dort, where she stayed but one night.

Upon Wednesday, being the fift of May, shee went by water to Rotterdam, where shee dined, and here the Palsgrave met her, both of them having princely entertainment fitting to their states. In the afternoone of the same day, the prince and princesse, with their honourable friends, passed by coach through Delft, and from thence went to the Hage, being there nobly received by the burgers of the towne, in armes, with peales of shot; and so by them conducted to Grave Henrick his house. During their abode there, the entertainment was as royall as his minde that freely bestowed it; nothing wanting that was in the invention of man held fit to give contentment to such princely guests; five dayes being spent in hunting, in playes, and other costly shewes, still varying pleasure because it should take no loathing in satietie. And here the Palsgrave took leave of the princesse, taking his journey before to Heidelberg.

At her departure from hence, the states generall presented to her these gifts, viz. a carcanet garnished with thirty dyamonds, in faret worke; two great pearles pendant, waying thirty-five karrats and one graine; a string of pearle of twenty-five pieces; a great needle or bodkin, garnished with a rich cuble diamond, very large, and foure other diamonds about it, of which three were pendants in faret worke. All these jewels were laid in a small cabinet of cloath of gold, betweene a perfumde cushion; and, beside these, she had likewise given her a looking-glasse of silver and gilt, the work being all embossed; more, ten pieces of rich tapestry, wrought by Francis Spiring; with sixe other pieces of tapestry for a cabinet, of the same worke-master; more, very rich pieces of fine linnen damaske, packed up in sixe cases, containing in all, for napkins and table-cloaths, about sixty pieces; more, an exceeding rich furniture for a cabinet of china worke, blacke and golde, containing a bedstead, a cupboard, a table, two great chests, one lesser chest, five small chests, two voyders, twenty-four dishes, twenty-four lesser dishes, twelve fruit dishes, and sixe sawcers, all being valued at £10,000.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Obstinacy. A Tale. By MRS. A. C. HALL. 12mo. pp. 338. London, 1826. Longman and Co.

Mrs. HALL, in a well-written, and somewhat interesting tale, has illustrated the baneful effects of Obstinacy, of which almost every day produces some instances, more or less

striking; in the case before us, the perverseness of a headstrong young man, embitters the life of his mother, and hastens him to an early grave. The moral tendency of this little novel, enhances its literary merits, and it may be safely put into the hands of females or youth.

A Concise Exposition of the Method of Instructing the Deaf and Dumb in the Knowledge of a Written Language, upon simple and rational Principles. By J. R. YOUNG.

12mo. pp. 106. London, 1826. Souter. Mr. YOUNG is the master of a private academy, at Peckham, for teaching the deaf and dumb; and the mode he has found effectual, he communicates to the public at large, in this little volume. The plan appears to be founded on simplicity and good sense, and we have no doubt of its success. In most of the systems, too much time is lost in the drudgery of learning by rote, whereas Mr. Young exercises the ingenuity of his pupil, who is made to depend as much as possible on his own powers. It is not necessary, that we should detail the author's plan, as his work is published at a price which places it within the reach of all interested in the subject.

VOLCANO IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

'HAVING refreshed ourselves,' says Mr. Ellis, the missionary, in his Narrative of a Tour through Hawaii, or Owhyee, 'we resumed our journey, taking a northerly direction towards the columns of smoke, which we could now distinctly perceive. Our way lay over a wide waste of ancient lava, of a black colour, compact and heavy, with a shining vitreous surface, sometimes entirely covered with obsidian, and frequently thrown up, by the expansive force of vapour or heated air, into conical mounds, from six to twelve feet high, which were, probably, by the same power rent into a number of pieces, from the apex to the base. The hollows between the mounds and long ridges were filled with volcanic sand, and fine particles of olivin, or decomposed lava.

'This vast tract of lava resembled in appearance an inland sea, bounded by distant mountains. Once it had certainly been in a fluid state, but appeared as if it had become suddenly petrified, or turned into a glassy stone, while its agitated billows were rolling to and fro. Not only were the large swells and hollows distinctly marked, but in many places the surface of these billows was covered by a smaller ripple, like that observed on the surface of the sea at the first springing up of a breeze, or the passing currents of air which produce what the sailors call a cat's-paw. The billows may have been raised by the force which elevated the mounds or hills, but they look as if the whole mass, extending several miles, had, when in a state of perfect fusion, been agitated with a violent undulating or heaving motion.

'The sun had now risen in his strength, and his bright rays, reflecting from the sparkling sand and undulated surface of the vitreous lava, dazzled our eyes and caused considerable pain, particularly as the trade-wind

blew fresh in our faces, and continually drove into our eyes particles of sand. This part of our journey was unusually laborious, not only from the heat of the sun and the reflection from the lava, but also from the unevenness of its surface, which obliged us constantly to tread on an inclined plane, in some places as smooth and almost as slippery as glass, where the greatest caution was necessary to avoid a fall. Frequently we chose to walk along on the ridge of a billow of lava, though considerably circuitous, rather than pass up and down its polished sides. Taking the trough, or hollow between the waves, was found safer, but much more fatiguing, as we sunk every step ankle-deep into the sand. The natives ran along the ridges, stepping like goats from one ridge to another. They, however, occasionally descended into the hollows, and made several marks with their feet in the sand at short distances, for the direction of two or three native boys with our provisions, and some of their companions, who had fallen behind early in the morning, not being able to keep up with the foremost party.

'Between eleven and twelve we passed a number of conical hills on our right, which the natives informed us were craters. A quantity of sand was collected round their base, but whether thrown out by them, or drifted thither by the wind, they could not inform us. In their vicinity we also passed several deep chasms, from which, in a number of places, small columns of vapour arose, at frequent and irregular intervals. They appeared to proceed from Kirauea, the great volcano, and extended towards the sea in a south-east direction. Probably they are connected with Ponahohoa, and may mark the course of a vast subterraneous channel, leading from the volcano to the shore. The surface of the lava on both sides was heated, and the vapour had a strong sulphureous smell.

'We continued our way beneath the scorching rays of a vertical sun till about noon, when we reached a solitary tree growing in a bed of sand, spreading its roots among the crevices of the rocks, and casting its grateful shade on the barren lava. Here we threw ourselves down on the sand and fragments of lava, stretched out our weary limbs, and drank the little water left in our canteens.

'In every direction around us we observed a number of pieces of spumous lava, of an olive colour, extremely cellular, and as light as sponge. They appeared to have been drifted by the wind into the hollows which they occupied. The high bluff rocks on the north-west side of the volcano were distinctly seen; the smoke and vapours driven past us, and the scent of the fumes of sulphur, which, as we approached from the leeward, we had perceived ever since the wind sprung up, became very strong, and indicated our proximity to Kirauea.

'Impatient to view it, we arose, after resting about half an hour, and pursued our journey. In the way we saw a number of low bushes bearing beautiful red and yellow berries in clusters, each berry being about

the size and shape of a very large currant. The bushes on which they grew were generally low, seldom reaching two feet in height; the branches small and clear, leaves alternate, obtuse with a point, and serrated; the flower was monopetalous, and, on being examined, determined the plant to belong to the class decandria and order monogynia. The native name of the plant is *ohelo*. The berries looked tempting to persons experiencing both hunger and thirst, and we eagerly plucked and ate all that came in our way. They are very juicy, but rather insipid to the taste. As soon as the natives perceived us eating them, they called out aloud, and begged us to desist, saying we were now within the precincts of Pélé's dominions, to whom they belonged, and by whom they were *rahuia*, (prohibited,) until some had been offered to her, and permission to eat them asked. We told them we were sorry they should feel uneasy on this account,—that we acknowledged Jehovah as the only divine proprietor of the fruits of the earth, and felt thankful to him for them, especially in our present circumstances. Some of them then said, "We are afraid. We shall be overtaken by some calamity before we leave this place." We advised them to dismiss their fears, and eat with us, as we knew they were thirsty and faint. They shook their heads, and perceiving us determined to disregard their entreaties, walked along in silence.

"We travelled on, regretting that the natives should indulge notions so superstitious, but clearing every *ohelo* bush that grew near our path, till about two p. m., when the crater of Kirauea suddenly burst upon our view. We expected to have seen a mountain with a broad base and rough indented sides, composed of loose slags or hardened streams of lava, and whose summit would have presented a rugged wall of scoria, forming the rim of a mighty caldron. But instead of this, we found ourselves on the edge of a steep precipice, with a vast plain before us, fifteen or sixteen miles in circumference, and sunk from two hundred to four hundred feet below its original level. The surface of this plain was uneven, and strewed over with huge stones and volcanic rocks, and in the centre of it was the great crater, at the distance of a mile and a half from the precipice on which we were standing. Our guides led us round towards the north end of the ridge, in order to find a place by which we might descend to the plain below. As we passed along, we observed the natives, who had hitherto refused to touch any of the *ohelo* berries, now gather several bunches, and, after offering a part to Pélé, ate them very freely. They did not use much ceremony in their acknowledgment; but when they had plucked a branch, containing several clusters of berries, they turned their faces towards the place whence the greatest quantity of smoke and vapour issued, and, breaking the branch they held in their hand in two, they threw one part down the precipice, saying at the same time, "*E Pélé, eia ka ohelo 'au; e taimaha aku wau i oe, e ai hoi au tetahi.*" "Pélé, here are your *ohelos*: I offer some to you, some I also eat." Several of them told us, as they turned round

from the crater, that after such acknowledgments they might eat the fruit with security. We answered, we were sorry to see them offering to an imaginary deity the gifts of the true God; but hoped they would soon know better, and acknowledge Jehovah alone in all the benefits they received.

"We walked on to the north end of the ridge, where, the precipice being less steep, a descent to the plain below seemed practicable. It required, however, the greatest caution, as the stones and fragments of rock frequently gave way under our feet, and rolled down from above; but, with all our care, we did not reach the bottom without several falls and slight bruises.

"The steep which we had descended was formed of volcanic matter, apparently a light red and gray kind of lava, vesicular, and lying in horizontal strata, varying in thickness from one to forty feet. In a small number of places the different strata of lava were also rent in perpendicular or oblique directions, from the top to the bottom, either by earthquakes, or other violent convulsions of the ground connected with the action of the adjacent volcano. After walking some distance over the sunken plain, which in several places sounded hollow under our feet, we at length came to the edge of the great crater, where a spectacle, sublime and even appalling, presented itself before us—

"We stopped and trembled."

Astonishment and awe for some moments rendered us mute, and, like statues, we stood fixed to the spot, with our eyes riveted on the abyss below. Immediately before us yawned an immense gulf, in the form of a crescent, about two miles in length, from north-east to south-west, nearly a mile in width, and apparently eight hundred feet deep. The bottom was covered with lava, and the south-west and northern parts of it were one vast flood of burning matter, in a state of terrific ebullition, rolling to and fro its "fiery surge" and flaming billows. Fifty-one conical islands, of varied form and size, containing so many craters, rose either round the edge or from the surface of the burning lake. Twenty-two constantly emitted columns of gray smoke, or pyramids of brilliant flame, and several of these at the same time vomited from their ignited mouths streams of lava, which rolled in blazing torrents down their black indented sides into the boiling mass below.

"The existence of these conical craters led us to conclude, that the boiling caldron of lava before us did not form the focus of the volcano; that this mass of melted lava was comparatively shallow; and that the basin in which it was contained was separated, by a stratum of solid matter, from the great volcanic abyss, which constantly poured out its melted contents through these numerous craters into this upper reservoir. We were further inclined to this opinion, from the vast columns of vapour continually ascending from the chasms in the vicinity of the sulphur banks and pools of water, for they must have been produced by other fire than that which caused the ebullition in the lava at the bottom of the great crater; and also by noticing

a number of small craters, in vigorous action, situated high up the sides of the great gulf, and apparently quite detached from it. The streams of lava which they emitted rolled down into the lake, and mingled with the melted mass there, which, though thrown up by different apertures, had perhaps been originally fused in one vast furnace.

"The sides of the gulf before us, although composed of different strata of ancient lava, were perpendicular for about four hundred feet, and rose from a wide horizontal ledge of solid black lava of irregular breadth, but extending completely round. Beneath this ledge the sides sloped gradually towards the burning lake, which was, as nearly as we could judge, three hundred or four hundred feet lower. It was evident, that the large crater had been recently filled with liquid lava up to this black ledge, and had, by some subterranean canal, emptied itself into the sea, or upon the low land on the shore. The gray, and in some places apparently calcined sides of the great crater before us; the fissures which intersected the surface of the plain on which we were standing; the long banks of sulphur on the opposite side of the abyss; the vigorous action of the numerous small craters on its borders; the dense columns of vapour and smoke, that rose at the north and south end of the plain; together with the ridge of steep rocks by which it was surrounded, rising probably in some places three hundred or four hundred feet in perpendicular height, presented an immense volcanic panorama, the effect of which was greatly augmented by the constant roaring of the vast furnaces below.

"After the first feelings of astonishment had subsided, we remained a considerable time contemplating a scene, which it is impossible to describe, and which filled us with wonder and admiration at the almost overwhelming manifestation it affords of the power of that dread Being who created the world, and who has declared that by fire he will one day destroy it. We then walked along the west side of the crater, and in half an hour reached the north end."

ORIGINAL.

MR. McCULLOCH'S LECTURES ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.
SIR,—Every science must be founded on fixed principles, on certain axioms, or complex propositions, which are resolvable into axioms. That science, therefore, which is founded on an assumption, cannot be admitted as conclusive; much less one that is founded on an assumption, which may be laid down and resumed according as it agrees or disagrees with the thing to be proved.

These observations have been induced by hearing Mr. McCulloch, yesterday, at the Royal Institution, read his first lecture, and lay down his principles, on what he terms Political Economy.

I understood Mr. McCulloch to say, that utility constitutes the value of a commodity. This is one of the principles on which he builds his science; but yet he said that utility may not always constitute the value of

a thing: that is, one of his principles may be assumed or laid down at pleasure.

Now, I think it may easily be proved that utility in no one case is the sole quality which constitutes the value of a commodity. I will take a watch, which is a useful thing, and I will suppose that the watchmakers, (in London for example,) make a certain number of watches every year, each according to the situation or district in which he lives, and that all these watches are sold in the year for a fair remunerating price. I will now suppose that these watchmakers, without considering the demand for their watches, or the ability of their customers to buy more, should agree among themselves that, as last year they sold so many, they would this year make one third more, and, calculating upon selling them at the former price, they would consequently be richer. But finding the demand for their watches no greater than it was before, and having themselves been at more expense in employing hands, either for a longer portion of each day, or additional workmen; they must do something to remunerate themselves for it; they, therefore, offer them at a lower rate, in hopes to tempt buyers, but to their surprise they find, that although they may have induced a few to buy that would not otherwise have been purchasers, yet, upon the whole, their profits are considerably less than when they made fewer and sold at a higher rate. And if you take any other article, the same may be shown in it; therefore it is universal. So that it appears, there is something more than utility which constitutes the value of a thing. No one can deny the utility of corn, yet some few years ago the farmers had so much of it that many of them were ruined; not because they had much, but because they were induced to offer it at a low rate, in hopes of inducing buyers; but as a person could eat only a certain quantity of bread, they sold no more, although offered at a low price.

Mr. McCulloch seems also to consider that things to be valuable, or capable of being made valuable, must be material, and that they receive this value from the labour of either getting or making them; as fishing would be, in one case, and making a hook, in the other. But does Mr. McCulloch mean seriously to say that his lectures are all wind, and that the sovereign he gets for uttering so many lucid sentences will not buy him a dinner? Does Mr. McCulloch exclude all the labours of the mind as unproductive? are the thousands which the physician obtains dross? and many others that might be mentioned?

Again, Mr. McCulloch says, 'labour gives a value to things; and yet, in some cases, may have an unproductive effect,' one proposition destroys the other. If productive labour means any thing, it conveys to my mind the idea of obtaining the best price for my labour; and who will bestow labour on a thing which will produce him nothing? And how is it possible for a thing which is high priced to be unproductive? when the price is the very essence of its productiveness; that is, it enables me, who obtain that price, to buy more from others. I will ask Mr. McCulloch this very simple question, who

are the best customers, the rich or the poor? —If the rich are so, why are they so? because they buy higher.

Upon the whole, it seems to me, if I were to admit Mr. McCulloch's theory, I should throw obscurity over common sense. I would, therefore, advise Mr. McCulloch to re-examine his principles, and, before he attempts to teach others, to learn himself.

Thursday, April 6, 1826.

SINBAD.

MR. ALARIC A. WATTS.—PLAGIARISM.

LORD BYRON.

SOME years ago, Mr. Alaric A. Watts published a series of articles in a contemporary journal, which displayed the most laboured industry, in order to convict Lord Byron of plagiarism. Some of the imputations were certainly ill supported, and Byron, who could bear any reflections of the sort, laughed at the attempt to tarnish his fame.

Mr. Watts has since become the editor of a Manchester paper, and as the proverb that 'two of a trade seldom agree,' applies strongly to provincial journalists, we frequently find him and his contemporaries engaged in controversy. In the last number of *The Manchester Mercury*, published on Tuesday, there is a long article from a correspondent, headed, 'Mr. Alaric A. Watts and his Poetical Sketches,' in which this gentleman is very severely handled for his conduct towards Lord Byron, and is charged, like Falstaff, with having 'misused the king's press damnably,' in his attempts to fasten plagiarism on his lordship. 'If,' says the writer, 'he had specified what he conceived to be parallel passages in other poets, and had pointed out, (in the language and with the spirit of a gentleman,) any casual or fancied resemblance, I might have admired his ingenuity, instead of having to censure his incapacity; but the vulgar flippancy of his style, the absurdity of some of his examples, and the preposterous extreme to which he has been led by attempting to prove too much, have exposed him to the imputation of being influenced by an envious disposition or an obtuse intellect.' The writer, after some further remarks, proceeds to charge Mr. Watts, the plagiarist hunter, with having appropriated largely from Byron's poems in his own Poetical Sketches. 'What,' says the writer, 'shall we say of that man's modesty and consistency, who, at the time he is accusing an eminent poet of piracy, is busily engaged in plundering him to an unmerciful extent?'

The accuser of Mr. Watts has, like that gentleman himself, pushed his attempt to convict of piracy too far, and we shall not follow him through all his parallel, or supposed parallel passages, but select a few of them only:—

'In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie.'—Byron.
'In Santa Croce's golden pillar'd shrine.'—Watts.

'And like music on the waters,
Is thy sweet voice to me.'—Byron.
'And voice sweet as the musical flow,
Of desert waters.'—Watts.

'The long dark fringe of that fair lid.'—Byron.
'The long dark fringes at its drooping lid.'—Watts.

'Twas musical but sadly sweet,
Such as when winds and harp-strings meet.'—Byron.

'But sweet
As the low wail of summer's evening breath,
Amid the wind harp strings.'—Watts.

'As death were stamped upon his brow.'—Byron.

'The band of death upon his brow had stamped.'—Watts.

'Sink on the heart as dew along the flower.'—Byron.

'They fall like dew,
Upon the thirsty flow'rets of his heart.'—Watts.

'On his brow
The thunder scars are graven.'—Byron.

'This brow,
Scarr'd with ten thousand thunders.'—Watts.

'The morning star of memory.'—Byron.

'That morning star of love.'—Watts.

'Oh, what can idle words avail,
Unless the heart could speak.'—Byron.

'I dare not trust my tongue to tell,
And hearts may never speak.'—Watts.

'And ocean slumbered like an unwean'd child.'—Byron.

'Calm as the slumbers of a cradled child.'—Watts.

'And that loved one, alas! could ne'er be his.'—Byron.

'The gentle one he priz'd might ne'er be his.'—Watts.

'In that deep midnight of the mind.'—Byron.

'The moonless midnight of my soul.'—Watts.

'An ignis fatuus gleam.'—Byron.

'An ignis fatuus gleam.'—Watts.

'Back to the hall from whence it sprung.'—Byron.

'Into the hall from whence they sprang.'—Watts.

Some of these passages are certainly strikingly coincident, but we should not have noticed the subject, had not Mr. A. A. Watts, who, it is proved, is not guiltless, thrown the first stone. He does, however, possess poetic genius, and the perhaps unavoidable or unconscious adoption of the ideas of others, ought to teach him to be charitable. His assailant on the present occasion says, Mr. W. may be traced with equal facility through the poetry of Moore, Wordsworth, and Burns: be it so, we shall not commence the chase.

THE RAMBLES OF ASMODEUS.

NO. XXXVI.

ST. DENIS, when he walked into Paris, with his head under his arm, declared he found the first step the greatest difficulty, and I, though no saint, must acknowledge that I am often more at a loss to know where I shall begin my ramble, than how I shall continue and conclude it. I am the more embarrassed in this respect, in consequence of the importunities of friends, and even strangers, who are anxious to turn my ubiquity into good account. Some tea-table tabbies, who think I am as fond of scandal as themselves, tease me to death to procure them information respecting the *ménage* of certain families to which they have not admittance. The other sex is not less importunate; there is scarcely a candidate for the approaching election that has not beseeched my support, and even existing members seek my good offices. Mr. H—b—e, the other day, had the impudence to offer me a bribe, if I would point

out a single grievance in church or state, which he might denounce previous to the dissolution of parliament; the member for Lincoln has entreated that I will keep Mr. Canning from the house while he attacks the report of the chancery commission. Mr. Maberley wishes to know, if the report that government intends to fund exchequer bills is unfounded, and Mr. Joseph Hume has written three hundred and seventy-six inquiries, which is just double the number of propositions for improving the court of chancery.

Apropos of Mr. Hume, I met him the other evening at the Gothic Hall, where he was consulting little Noakes, the calculating boy, on three questions; the first was, what would be the increased expenditure in the article of grog, in the navy, by the substitution of the imperial measure: and in what proportion must the rum be diluted, to prevent that increase? Secondly, How much might annually be saved to the country, if the dress of every private and non-commissioned officer in the army and navy was curtailed of one button? Thirdly, What is the annual value of provisions destroyed in London and within the bills of mortality, by rats and mice? All these questions, difficult as they may seem, Master Noakes answered 'with infinite promptitude,' and the learned ex-rector of, and present M. P. for Aberdeen, will ground motions upon the answers, next week, in parliament.

The newspapers, too, have lately become suitors. The Times is anxious to learn if Lord Charles Somerset has committed any new peccadilloes at the Cape; The Morning Chronicle offers me £5 for every well-substantiated charge against the Lord Chancellor, and £1 for every plausible accusation of a country Dogberry, provided it is not detected within a month, thinking, I suppose, that a lie a fortnight old is as good as a truth. The Herald, weary of sending a knight errant after atrocities in foreign parts, offers me £5 for an account of every murder I import, with travelling expenses, at the rate of three pence a mile, for the distance it may have to be brought. The Post entreats I will forward an account of my wanderings, to be inserted in its list of fashionable arrivals and departures, and that, like Harriet Wilson's publisher, J. J. Stockdale, I will make known when my hen-roost is robbed. The British Press invokes my aid to make it the Universal Press. The Ledger requests the perusal of all my letters from Constantinople, and some information on the subject of the Turkey trade, for which I have referred it to a mus(cle)man and a Norfolk farmer of my acquaintance. The Advertiser has had the impudence to offer me the paltry sum of fifteen shillings a dozen for eulogies on deceased members of the Licensed Victuallers' Society, and The Representative has, with the most earnest entreaties, solicited me to become its editor.

The evening and the Sunday papers have also importuned my assistance, and the reporters have, *en masse*, agreed to forego a whole month's salary if I will pick a quarrel with Mr. Hume, and, by sending him to the

tomb of all the Capulets, prevent his making fifty speeches in one night, and keeping them (domestic creatures) from their wives and families until one or two o'clock in the morning. To all these applications, (except the last, which has something of humanity in it,) I turn a deaf ear, resolving to devote my services to the good of my country, and the amusement and instruction of the readers of *The Literary Chronicle*, whom I number amongst my best friends.

As to news, the world has not been worth living in for the last few weeks; at home, if it had not been for the abduction of Miss Turner, by Mr. Wakefield, we had been without a topic of conversation, and it seems to be generally acknowledged among the ladies, that, however, he may pretend to gallantry, he would not have won the battle of Trafalgar. The succession to the see of Durham, has been settled so soon as to excite little speculation, though we understand Lord Liverpool and Mr. Canning were never so oppressed with the benefit of clergy, or so smothered with lawn sleeves, as within the last few weeks, — the latter gentleman got so flurried, that he gave orders to his servants not to admit any bishop to his house, except Bishop the composer. Report, which is not always to be trusted, talks of an alliance between M. Louis, the French giant, and a rich banker's widow, who always had lofty notions; this would be too bad, after the hereditary grand falconer — he of St. Albans — has been *harking* her about so long. As to other matters — the general election, the quarter's revenue, the balance sheet of Constable, the bookseller, the lamentations of Malachi Malagrowther, the breaking up of joint-stock humbugs, and the killing of the elephant, are the principal topics of conversation, which proves how little of real importance there is to occupy the attention of the public, or of

ASMOPEUS.

NECROLOGY.

JOHN PINKERTON, ESQ.

JOHN PINKERTON, who died lately at Paris, was descended from a Scotch family, who, so far back as the reign of Edward I. held lands under the crown, in the neighbourhood of Dunbar.

Mr. Pinkerton was the son of James Pinkerton, who, acquiring a moderate fortune in Somersetshire, as a hair merchant, returned to his native country, where the subject of our memoir was born, in Edinburgh, on the 17th of February, 1758. After acquiring the rudiments of education, at a small school at Grange-gate side, kept by an old woman, he was, in 1764, removed to the grammar school at Lanark, kept by Mr. Thomson, who had married the sister of the poet of that name.

Inheriting from his father a portion of hypochondriacism, young Pinkerton was always a diffident boy, and he neither entered into competition with his schoolfellows in education nor joined in their boisterous but healthy amusements. At school he was generally the second or third of his class; but nothing remarkable distinguished this period, except one incident: Mr. Thomson one day

ordered the boys to translate a part of Livy into English; when he came to young Pinkerton's version, as it is called in Scotland, he read it silently to himself, then, to the great surprise of the boys, walked quickly out of the school, but soon returned with a volume of Hooke's Roman History, in which the same part of Livy was translated. He read both aloud, and gave his decided opinion in favour of his disciple's translation, which not a little flattered boyish vanity, and, perhaps, sowed in him the first seeds of authorship.

After being six years at school, the last year of which only was dedicated to the Greek, he returned to the house of his family near Edinburgh. His father having some dislike to university education, John was kept in a kind of solitary confinement at home; and this parent, being of a severe and morose disposition, his durance little tended to give much firmness to his nerves. An hour or two passed every day in attending a French teacher; and, in his eagerness to attain this language, he had totally lost his Greek, and nearly his Latin also: but soon after, meeting with Rollin's Ancient History, and observing references to the original authors, he bought the History of Justinus, &c. and soon recovered his Latin so as to write, when he was about thirteen years of age, tolerable fragments in that language. He afterwards studied mathematics two or three years, under Mr. Ewing, an able teacher at Edinburgh, and proceeded as far as the doctrine of infinites.

Intended for the profession of the law, young Pinkerton was articled to Mr. Wm. Aytoun, an eminent writer to the signet, with whom he served an apprenticeship of five years. He did not, however, neglect the cultivation of his mind, and having felt the witchery of verse by reading Beattie's Minstrel, and other poems, he wrote an elegy, called Craigmillar Castle, which he dedicated to Dr. Beattie. This production, which was published in 1776, was followed by the composition of one or two tragedies, but we believe they were never printed. About this time he wrote the second part of the Ballad of Hardyknute, and afterwards some other pieces of a similar nature, which he published in 1786, under the title of Ancient Scottish Poems from the MS. Collection of Sir Richard Maitland. Impositions of this sort, however innocently intended, are scarcely pardonable, and we are sorry to see them even continued to our own times, when some of our ballad mongers foist their own crudities on the public under other names, and pretend to have discovered additional verses to well known ballads, that they may appear better informed than their neighbours.

In 1780, soon after his apprenticeship had been completed, his father died; and being often disappointed in procuring uncommon books at Edinburgh, he visited London, where the size and extent of the catalogues formed his sole motive for wishing to fix his residence. This determination was confirmed by the bankruptcy of some merchants in Glasgow, who held about £1,000 of his father's money, all of which was lost. He accord-

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ingly returned to Scotland in the spring of 1781, took up the remaining sums lying in mercantile hands, and, returning to England, settled in the neighbourhood of London in the winter of that year.

From his boyish days he had been fond of collecting medals, minerals, and other curiosities; and having received from a lady in Scotland a rare coin of Constantine, on his Sarmatin victory, which she had taken as a farthing, he soon laid the foundation of a little collection, and used to read Addison's *Dialogues on Medals* with infinite delight. These pursuits led him to see the defects of common books on the subject, and he drew up a manual and tables for his own use, which afterwards grew to the excellent and complete *Essay on Medals*, published by Dodsley, in 1784.

In 1785, Mr. Pinkerton published his *Letters on Literature*, under the assumed name of Robert Heron. In this work he abused the ancients, in a manner which called forth the indignation of the poet Cowper; and had the folly or temerity to recommend a fantastic system of orthography, which brought no small share of ridicule on the work. From this period, Mr. Pinkerton became an active author and editor, as will be seen by the following list of his publications:—

Rimes, 8vo. 1781.—*Tales in Verse*, 4to. 1782.—*Two Dithyrambic Odes on Enthusiasm and Laughter*, 4to. 1782.—*Essay on Medals*, 2 v. 8vo. 1784.—*Letters of Literature*, by Robert Heron, 8vo. 1785.—*Ancient Scottish Poems from the MS. Collections of Sir Richard Maitland*, 2 v. 8vo. 1786.—*Dissertation on the Origin and Progress of the Scythians or Goths*, 8vo. 1787.—*Vita Antiquæ Sanctorum*, 8vo. 1789.—*The Bruce, or the History of Robert, King of Scotland*, written in Scottish verse, by John Barbour, 3 v. 8vo. 1789.—*The Medallic History of England to the Revolution*, 4to. 1790.—*Scottish Poems*, reprinted from scarce editions, 3 v. 8vo. 1792.—*An Inquiry into the History of Scotland, preceding the reign of Malcolm III.* 2 v. 8vo. 1789.—*The History of Scotland from the accession of the House of Stuart*, 2 v. 4to. 1797.—*Iconographia Scotica, or Portraits of Illustrious Persons of Scotland, with Biographical Notes*, 2 v. 8vo. 1795-1797.—*The Scottish Gallery, or Portraits of Eminent Persons of Scotland, with their Characters*, 8vo. 1799.—*Modern Geography, digested on a new plan*, 2 v. 4to. 1802: 2d edition, 3 v. 4to. 1807.—*An Abridgment of Ditto*, 1 v. 8vo.—*Recollections of Paris*, 2 v. 8vo. 1806.—*General Collection of Voyages and Travels*, 13 v. 4to. 1808-1813.—*New Modern Atlas, in parts*, 1809-1815.—*Petrology, or a Treatise on Rocks*, 2 v. 8vo. 1811.—*An Inquiry into the History of Scotland, to which is added a Dissertation on the Origin and Progress of the Scythians or Goths*, 2 v. 8vo. 1814.

Mr. Pinkerton was honoured with the friendship of Horace Walpole and Mr. Gibbon. Of late years he has resided almost entirely in Paris, where he died on the 6th of March, 1826. Mr. Pinkerton married a sister of the present Bishop of Salisbury, but

the union was not a happy one; he was rather eccentric in his manners, and was a man of very strong prejudices. To this memoir we shall subjoin a few anecdotes from a morning paper, which seem to show this, without, however, pledging ourselves to their authenticity:—

In early life Mr. Pinkerton published his *Essay on the Goths and Celts*; and though he figured afterwards in many other walks of literature, the prejudices embalmed in that extraordinary production continued to the end to hold almost the undivided possession of his mind. He seriously, and in perfect good faith, believed that the Irish, the Scotch Highlanders, and the Welsh, the Bretons, and the Spanish Biscayans, are the only surviving descendants of the original population of Europe, and that in them, their features, their manners, their history, every philosophic eye may trace the unimproved and unimprovable savage, the Celt. He maintained in every company that he was ready to drop his theory altogether the moment any one could point out to him a single person of intellectual eminence sprung from an unadulterated line of Celtic ancestry. He used to appeal boldly to the *History of Bulaw*, in particular; asking what one GREAT MAN the Celtic races of Wales, Ireland, or Scotland, had yet contributed to the rolls of fame? And it must be owned that he had studied family genealogies so indefatigably, that it was no easy matter to knock him down without preparation. If you mentioned Burke, 'What,' said he, 'a descendant of De Bourg? Class that high Norman chivalry with the riff-raff of O's and Mac's? Show me a great O, and I am done.' He delighted to prove that the Scotch Highlanders had never had but a few great captains—such as Montrose, Dundee, the first Duke of Argyll—and these were all Goths;—the two first, Lowlanders; the last a Norman, a *de Campo bello*! The aversion he had for the Celtic name extended itself to every person and every thing that had any connection with the Celtic countries. He used to shut his ears and screw his absurd iron features into a most diabolical grin of disgust whenever a bagpipe sounded; and I remember once meeting him at a country house in Scotland, where the landlord was at the pains to have a bed hung with Tartan curtains on purpose for his reception, well knowing that some explosion of the most particular phrensy would follow. Pinkerton did not observe any thing that night, but he appeared in the morning with a face pale as marble with rage, his little grey eyes lighted up with the most fiery ferret-like wrath. He said nothing—not a word; but ordered a post-chaise immediately after breakfast, and stepping into it, growled out 'Good by, sir; good bye, sir. D—n your Tartan!!'

Pinkerton's labours in petrology and geography stood by themselves, but his *Essay on Gastronomy*, published under the title of *Recollections of Paris*, was also a part of the man. A good Goth was in his eyes the first of human beings; a good cook was as certainly the second. He was altogether an odd specimen of a kind of *literatus* that never

thrives much in this country;—half-antiquarian, half-gourmand—bitter ferocious bigotry was the all-in-all of my old acquaintance until dinner-time; that hour brought the softer mood, and his anti-Celtic dissertations *inter pocula* were not only milder in expression, but interlaid with many exquisite episodes touching loves and soups that had been. Pinkerton was a very little and a very thin old man, with a very small, sharp, yellow face, thickly studded with small-pox marks, and decked with a pair of green spectacles. Gibbon had patronised him in his youth, and he returned the service by assuring the people of our generation that the historian of the Decline and Fall was really, in spite of his style, a man of considerable talent and discernment. As for Pinkerton's own style, it is almost needless to remark that it was the very worst in the world,—dry, hard, and rigid as iron, with here and there a flourish of the most exquisite mixed metaphor—as if he had made a compound mess of flints and flummery.

MATHIEU, DUC DE MONTMORENCY.

MATHIEU, DUC DE MONTMORENCY, who died suddenly in Paris, on the 24th ultimo, though not a man possessing splendid talents, was a personage of some celebrity at the court of France. He is frequently spoken of as the *premier Euron Chrétien*, but that distinction properly belonged to his cousin, the Duc de Montmorency, the head of that very ancient and illustrious family, who derived their name from the estate of Montmorency, near Paris, the first that is known to have given the title of a barony in France. Mathieu is an early Christian name in that family, having been borne, in the twelfth century, by Montmorency, the grand constable of France, who married a daughter of Henry I. of England. From that time to the present the Montmorencys have filled some of the highest stations in the French monarchy, and their name is attached to many glorious recollections. These circumstances gave a wonderful *éclat* to the conduct of the Vicomte Mathieu de Montmorency, in the beginning of the Revolution; for, being a young man, fired with the grand ideas of liberty then prevalent, he was the first to deposit on the table of the Constituent Assembly his titles of nobility, as a sacrifice to the new and fascinating doctrine of equality. No one from that hour to this, ever doubted the perfect purity of his motives—but he was soon undeceived as to the tendency of his actions. He found that they had aided the triumph of a ferocious and sanguinary faction: that they had helped to overturn the throne and the altar; that they had clothed his country in mourning, and deluged it with blood. He became a voluntary exile, and in Switzerland found a shelter, by the kindness of Madame de Stael. Tormented with that home sickness, which is so natural to all who love their country, he returned to France in 1795, only to be thrown into prison, from which, however, he was, after some time, released. The scenes which he had thus witnessed were of a nature to make him seek consolation in the sentiments

of religion; and he, perhaps, carried those sentiments to an excess. For many years he devoted himself to nothing but works of charity, but even these could not exempt him from the lynx-eyed suspicions of Bonaparte, who banished him in 1811, and though he obtained his recall, he was always kept under the surveillance of the police. At length the era of 1814 arrived, and the Vicomte de Montmorency was the first to hasten to Nancy, to join Monsieur, now Charles X., whom he accompanied to Paris as his aide-de-camp, and received a distinction still more flattering, the appointment of chevalier d'honneur to the illustrious daughter of Louis XVI. In pursuance of this duty he attended the princess to Bordeaux, and after seeing her safe to London, joined Louis XVIII. at Ghent. By the battle of Waterloo, he was once more restored to his country; and we can, of our own knowledge, testify the deep sense which he entertained of the services of England to the common cause of Europe, and his earnest desire to cultivate sentiments of mutual esteem between two nations, made, as he said, to appreciate each other's good qualities. If he afterwards appeared at Verona, in something like opposition to the views of England with regard to the Spanish war, it was not from any diminution of respect for the English character; but from views perfectly compatible (as he thought) with the interests of both nations. His conduct, however, on that occasion, was universally admitted to be frank and honourable, and Louis XVIII., though he found himself obliged to accept M. de Montmorency's resignation, testified his opinion of his services by raising him to a dukedom.

The Duke Mathieu remained ever afterwards out of office, but enjoyed the unbounded personal confidence of the royal family, by whom the extreme fervour of his religious sentiments was not regarded as any defect in his character; on the contrary, it seems to have determined the choice of him to superintend the studies of the young Duke de Bordeaux; at least, it is certain, that the party of the clergy hailed that choice with great delight. The duke too was recently chosen a member of the French Academy; but even at the reading of his inaugural speech, he appeared to be suffering under a serious illness, which rapidly grew worse, so that, about a fortnight ago, he was considered to be in imminent danger. He seemed shortly after to recover a little, but it was a mere lightning before death. Thinking himself better, he went out to several churches to offer up thanksgivings to the Author of all Goodness. At length he came to the church of St. Thomas Aquinas; but he had scarce knelt down when he was struck with a sudden and fatal shock, and fell dead on the pavement.

The appointment of the duke as member of the Academy gave rise to many French squibs and pasquinades against him; but though he was not a great, he had the character of being a good man: and at his funeral 400 poor persons of both sexes, and 150 of the blind from the *quinze vingts*, followed his remains to the grave.

PROFESSOR VATER.

THE celebrated orientalist, Professor Vater, died at Halle, on the 1th ultimo. Among his esteemed works, are the Continuation of Adelung's Mithridates, a Hebrew Grammar, a Russian ditto, Tables of Ecclesiastical History, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE MAID OF THE LYRE.

TELL me not of beauty; can beauty inspire,
Or wit, one pure spark of affection's true fire?
There's Fanny that's pretty,
And Ellen that's witty—
But can they compare with the maid of the lyre?
And as for your riches, what care I for them—
Do you think that I count either bullion or gem?
Boast they one pure spark of affection's true fire?
I've flirted with many,
But the richest of any,
Is she whose sole fortune depends on her lyre.
To the titled let sycophant lovers go bow,
And swear that they love, though all false be the vow—
Beams there one pure spark of affection's true fire?
Proud hopes may elate them,
And titles await them—
But mine be the maiden whose fortune's her lyre!
Then here's to the maiden whose fortune's her lyre,
For song's the pure spark of affection's true fire,
There's Fanny that's pretty,
And Ellen that's witty—
But can they compare with the maid of the lyre?
H. B.

FINE ARTS.

Lieutenant Moore's Views in the Burmese Empire, Parts II. and III. London, 1826. T. Clay.

THE second and third parts of Lieutenant Moore's Views on the Rangoon River, conclude this beautiful work, and justify all that we said in its praise when the first part appeared. It has, we are glad to find, met with the most extensive patronage; indeed, we never recollect seeing such a list of subscribers as there is for this work, nor are we surprised at it when we consider the interest of the subject and the extreme beauty of the views themselves. Parts II. and III. contain twelve views: No. 3, The Principal Approach to the Great Dagon Pagoda at Rangoon, is a very fine view. To the left are the houses of teakwood, built on piles; to the right, in the foreground, is an image of hideous appearance, with eyes formed of the bottoms of wine bottles; the view terminates with the great pagoda, which is approached along a road made of bricks placed edgewise. No. 4, represents another view of the same pagoda with the luxuriant scenery by which it is surrounded. No. 6, is an Attack on the Stockades, and gives a good idea of the nature of this species of defence. No. 8, View of the Inside of the Gold Temple: nearly the whole of the inside of this temple is gilt, and in the centre is the principal figure of the deity Guadma, nearly thirteen feet high.

There is a massive grandeur and uniformity in this building which carries back the science of architecture to a remote antiquity. No. 9, A Scene from the Upper Terrace of the Great Pagoda at Rangoon, is a rich mixture of works of nature and art. No. 10, The Storming of the Kemmendine Stockade, which was obstinately defended, shows the arduous nature of the service. No. 11, View of the Lake and part of the Eastern Road from Rangoon, is a pretty romantic scene; in the lake is an island which was given to Mrs. Canning, by the Queen of Ava, when Mr. Canning resided at Rangoon in a political capacity. No. 13, Scene on the Eastern Road from Rangoon, is a magnificent view; as is No. 14, View of the Terrace of the Great Pagoda. The latter comprises a number of small pagodas, which, as well as the great one, are solid edifices, having only a small chamber within them of about sixteen inches square. To the right is a great bell suspended between two pillars. Some of the small pagodas are extremely beautiful in their construction. No. 16, is a very picturesque View of the Great Dagon Pagoda, and is peculiarly grand. No. 17, is The Conflagration of Dalla on the Rangoon River. The light shed on the river, the boats, and the pagoda, by the blazing buildings, is extremely well managed. No. 18, The Attack on the Stockades at the Pagoda Point, from the river, is a very interesting view. The whole work, which is from drawings made on the spot, has been got up with great care as to the colouring, and it does much credit to the talents of Lieut. Moore and the engravers, and to the publishers for their liberality. It also forms a memento of an important war in which the triumph of British arms was steady and conspicuous.

Milton's Paradise Lost. Illustrated by JOHN MARTIN, Esq. Part VII. London, 1826. Prowett.

NOTWITHSTANDING the stagnant state of the book-trade, we are glad to see Mr. Prowett continuing this work with the same spirit with which he commenced it. The two views in the present number are—Paradise, with the approach of the archangel Raphael, and Adam and Eve, the morning hymn; there is a supernatural majesty and richness about both these scenes, which are peculiarly striking.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THOUGH we are again compelled to defer our second notice of this exhibition, yet we feel great pleasure in stating, that it has proved singularly attractive, and though fashionable London may be said to have been out of town, during the parliamentary recess, yet not only have the visitors to this gallery been very numerous, but the purchasers of pictures are considerable.

DIORAMA.

WHATEVER may be the number of exhibitions in London, the Diorama continues to excite unabated interest; the view of *Roslyn Chapel*, is indeed, such a triumph of art, such an embodying of reality, that we do not wonder at the host of persons that daily crowd to visit it.

PÆCILORAMA.

THE very clever views at this exhibition have their share of admirers, and the Pæcilorama deserves to be classed among the lions of London, which every person ought to see.

M. DAVID'S PICTURES.

THE 17th of April is fixed for the sale of the pictures, drawings, and sketches left by the late historical painter, David. They will be exhibited for three days before the sale. The catalogue, drawn up by M. Pérignon, is extremely interesting; it mentions the Mars disarmed by Venus; the Andromache weeping for Hector; the Apelles painting Compeaspe; the Bonaparte at Mount St. Bernard, with several other pictures of the principal events in the life of Napoleon; besides numerous sketches and studies made during the artist's residence in Rome. Among the modern subjects, we remark the drawing of the Tennis-court, several portraits, and two pictures of the members of the Legislative Assembly, and of the Convention. These, and other drawings and sketches of the like nature, cannot fail to attract the notice of artists and amateurs, both on account of the celebrity of the artist and the historical importance of the subjects.—*Journal des Debats*.

The King of France has lately made a purchase of the original drawings made by Bouillon for the *Musée des Antiques*: These drawings, it seems, are considered by the editor of the *Journal des Debats*, too precious to be possessed by any other monarch, as they are a monument of the perfection to which the arts of design have been carried in France during the nineteenth century.

The 75th and 76th sittings of the Hungarian Diet were held on the 15th and 16th ult. In the first, the deputation which is commissioned to draw up a plan for the establishment of a national gallery, made its first report, which was immediately read and ordered to be printed.

A painting of Turenne, when an infant, sleeping upon the frame of a cannon, by M. Crespy Leprince, is among the novel works of the arts in Paris.—It is well known that this great captain, from his earliest years, evinced a decided passion for a military life; and that his parents, finding his health very delicate, took great pains to divert him from it; that this young scholar made his escape upon a winter's night, and was found on the rampart, where he had passed the night upon the frame of a cannon, to prove that his health was no obstacle to the profession. This trait may be put in contrast with certain young men of family in our time, who, although vigorous and strong, become Jesuits and Capuchins.—*Paris Paper*.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE two major houses have of late become minors, and we suspect minus, so far as regards the comparison of the receipts and expenditure. *Oberon* and *Benyowsky* are the principal, almost the only performances at Drury Lane, and at Covent Garden, the absence of Mr. Charles Kemble, for what cause is not stated, and of Miss Paton, on account

of a domestic calamity, impoverishes sadly a company by no means formidable.—At the

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE—Mr. Mathews, in the ascendant, and his *Invitations*, are nightly accepted by the highest classes of society, with an alacrity which shows the estimation in which his talents are held. One night, we caught a glimpse of the home secretary in the boxes, at the Lyceum, and quite at home he seemed; another night, we found Mr. Canning relaxing from the cares of office, and enjoying, with his family, his *otium cum dignitate* at this theatre, feasting on Mathews's entertainment with a zest which long occupation in affairs of business gives to momentary recreation. At no former period have we seen Mr. Mathews more successful than in the present year.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—If it is true that 'men step in where angels fear to tread,' we need not be surprised at Mr. Yates venturing to rival Mr. Mathews in his inimitable performances. Of the presumption of the thing we say nothing, since the greater the difficulty the more courageous the attempt to surmount it: of the right of Mr. Yates to turn his talents to the best account, there can be no doubt; but he should not insult the public by ardent professions of esteem for Mr. Mathews, and declarations that he has no idea of encroaching on the domain of his friend, as he calls him. If such were really the case, he would not have got up an entertainment so closely resembling that of Mathews in its style, and, above all, he would not have selected the same nights in the week and the same hours for his performance. Does Mr. Yates fear his own attractions, and calculate on the overflow from the English Opera House filling the Adelphi. We suspect as much.

Mr. Yates calls the new olio he produced on Monday night, *Yates's Reminiscences; or, Etchings of Life and Character*; and it consists of an account of what he has seen and done in the world, related with some vivacity, as far as regards the manner, but insipid enough in the matter. The only person worthy, in his estimation, of notice during his youthful days, is a sort of literary cobbler, a feebly drawn character; nor is his wet-blanket cousin, Mr. Damper Yates, much better; indeed, the same remark will apply to almost every person he introduces, with the exception of Mrs. Paulina Pry, of whom we have a clever and original portrait.

In the course of the piece, Mr. Yates introduces several songs scarcely one of which possesses any merit, either as to verse, or the long recitations intermixed. In his delivery, he certainly displays considerable adroitness, and had Mathews never been in existence, we might have pronounced Mr. Yates a surprising man. The characters Mathews introduces, he represents so naturally, that you involuntarily feel you have met such persons in the world; Mr. Yates's heroes, on the contrary, seem those of fiction, and his description of them an 'unreal mockery.' In one of his songs, he introduced imitations of several eminent performers, but in talent of this sort, Mr. Yates is much below Mr. Mathews and John Reeve, except in the imita-

tion of Mathews himself, which is strikingly correct.

The third part of Mr. Yates's *Reminiscences*, for he copies Mathews very closely in the plan and arrangement of his entertainment, consists of a Monopolylogue. Here, although the piece is ill constructed and destitute of point, he shone conspicuous,—for the rapidity with which he metamorphosed himself into some eight different characters, surpassed any thing of the kind we ever witnessed. It is impossible to conceive how, in less time than harlequin requires to disrobe himself, he changed his whole costume, from the hat or the coat to the tying of his shoes. This was the *chef d'œuvre* of Mr. Yates's performance, and it was marked with the rapturous plaudits of a crowded audience. With regard to the literary merit of the whole entertainment, it is very low, and displays little of that humour which we expected from the author of *Peter Corcoran*, and *Little Odes to Great Folks*, by whom it is avowedly written. In some cases the point seemed to be sadly missed; for instance, a person complaining of being squeezed in an election riot, is told, this is 'a land of liberty,' when it would have been much better, we conceive, had the would-be humourist said, 'this is the country of a free press.'

Freely, however, as we have commented on Mr. Yates's entertainment, we acknowledge it to be clever, and, if he be not a man of genius, he certainly possesses considerable talents.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Eisteddvod and Grand Cambrian Concert.—The first meeting of this sort in London will take place next month, under the auspices of the Royal Cambrian Institution, and the produce will very properly be appropriated to Mr. Parry, who has devoted himself for twenty-five years to the cause of Cambrian literature, and who has declined all pecuniary remuneration for his exertions in preparing and conducting the anniversary meetings since their commencement in 1820. Mr. Parry has certainly large claims on his countrymen, and as the concert will combine a splendid array of vocal and instrumental talent, it will form a high treat, deserving the patronage of the public at large.

Count Joseph Telekyt Syek has given a large sum of money to the intended National Academy at Presburg, and allows the free use of his private library, consisting of thirty thousand volumes.

Th. Rev. A. S. Burgess has in the press the *Worthies of Christ's Hospital*, or *Memoirs of Eminent Blues*. To which will be added, an *Historical Account of the Royal and Ancient Foundation of Christ's Hospital*.

A series of entertaining stories, original and select, under the title of *Stanley Tales*, is forthcoming.

The *Miscellanist of Literature for 1826*, consisting of unique selections from the most important books of the past year, in autobiography, history, memoirs, poetry, voyages and travels, will soon be published.

The last work of the Abbe de la Mennais has been seized at the instance of the Procureur du Roi.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

EPITAPH FOR 'RARE BEN.'

BY MILDRED FANE, EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
(From a small book of Poems which his Lordship gave to, and is still preserved in, the library of Emmanuel College, Cambridge.)

In Obitum Ben Johns. Poeta Eximii.

He who began from bricks and lime
The muses' hill to climb;
And, whilom basked in laying ston,
Thirsted to drink of Helicon.

EPIGRAMS.

EXPEDITION EXEMPLIFIED.

'Asham'd of loose, inglorious ease,'
Cries Tom, 'I'll tempt the dangerous seas;
And on Valencia's plains lay low,
With vengeful arm, the miscreant foe.'
At twelve, the wond'ring guests discover
The gallant man's already 'half seas over.'

ON A VERY SHORT LADY, ACCUSED OF PRIDE.

'She's vastly proud,' I've heard you cry;
But you must be in fun;
For does she not (in truth reply)
Look up to every one?

Mr. Squib's last Pun.—The Rev. Mr. Irving being busily engaged in examining a medalion at a sale, Mr. Squib, the auctioneer, observed, 'That the reverend gentleman would probably become the purchaser, having an eminent cast in his eye.'

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 10 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Mar. 31	34	46	38	30 34	Fair.
April 1	39	51	39	.. 33	Do.
.... 2	44	61	50	.. 14	Cloudy.
.... 3	52	62	49	.. 17	Fair.
.... 4	50	56	50	.. 20	Cloudy
.... 5	50	57	49	.. 17	Do.
.... 6	52	59	49	.. 16	Do.

Works just published.—Anderson's Mission to Sumatra, 8vo. 16s.—Westminster Review, No. ix. 6s.—Busfield's Sermons on the Lord's Prayer, vol. 3. 12s.—Holcroft's Tales, from the German, 7s.—Edinburgh Journal of Medical Science, No. 2. 6s.—Quarterly Review, No. 66. 6s.—Milman's Anne Boleyn.

THE THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of BRITISH ARTISTS, in SUFFOLK STREET, PALL-MALL EAST, IS NOW OPEN, from EIGHT O'CLOCK in the MORNING until DUSK.—Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
T. C. HOFLAND, Secretary.

AUTOMATONS, ANCIENT ARMOUR, GIANT, &c. NOW OPEN, at the GOTHIC HALL, 7, HAY-MARKET, the following interesting Exhibitions, viz.: The Celebrated MUSICAL and other AUTOMATONS, displaying, in a great variety of Subjects, from the most elegant Human Figure, down to the smallest Birds and Insects, the astonishing powers of Mechanism, by their wonderful imitations of animated Nature! together with the choice collection of Ancient Armour, surrounding the Hall.

Admittance 2s. Children 1s.
Also, the surprising GIANT, Monsieur LOUIS, the tallest man who has visited this Kingdom since the days of O'Brien, and far superior in elegant Symmetry, Proportion, and Muscular Strength. Monsieur Louis, (who is Twenty-five Years of Age, possessing all the polite and agreeable manners of his countrymen,) will gratify his Visitors with a sight of his favourite Horse, 'Nonpareil,' being the smallest in the World.
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A GRAND CAMBRIAN CONCERT

will take place, under Royal and Illustrious Patronage, on WEDNESDAY MORNING, May 24, at the Freemasons' Hall, at which Miss Stephens, Miss Povey, and the Misses Cause; Messrs. Graham, Horn, Sinclair, Sap o, Terrail, Taylor, Smith, Collier, Powell, and P. Atkins—Messrs. Mori, (Leader,) Lindley, Nicholson, Harper, Eley, Daniels, Calkin, Lyon, Sherrington, Mackintosh, M. Sharp, J. J. Jones, O. Davies, &c. &c., will assist to give due effect to the strains of olden times. Penillion Singing with the Welsh Harps will be introduced, and the Medals of the Royal Cambrian Institution will be presented. For particulars, vide small hand bills.

Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had of Mr. Parry, No. 26, Oxford Street.

USURY LAWS.—Price 2s. 6d.

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Commencement of Vol. IX.—On the 1st of April was published,

THE ORIENTAL HERALD, No. XXVIII, containing, among other Original Papers,

An Article on the Silk Trade, and the injurious Effects of the East India Company's Monopoly of that branch of our Manufactures;—The Mexicans a Chinese Colony;—The Fourteen Gems, an Original Poem;—State of Society in India; Chinese Courtship;—Evenings in Bagdad;—British Power in India;—Lawyers in Calcutta;—and the most recent and authentic Intelligence from every part of the East.—Orders for this Work received by all Booksellers in Europe.

Published this day,

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, No. IX., containing,

1. The Game Laws.—2. Bentham's Swear Not at all.—3. Mill's History of Chivalry.—4. Effect of the Employment of Machinery on the Happiness of the Working Classes.—5. Ludner's Treatise on the Differential and Integral Calculus.—6. The Silk Trade.—7. Dr. Willis's Treatise on Mental Derangement.—8. Critical Dissertation on the Nature, Measures, and Causes of Value.—9. The United States.—10. Fraser's Journey into Khorasan.—11. Private Memoirs of Madame du Hausset.—12. Parliamentary History and Review for the Session of 1825.

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8. Eltham Palace, Kent, South-west View.
9. Newark Abbey, South-east View.
10. Fountains' Abbey, York.
11. Rochester Castle, Kent.
12. Waltham Abbey, North-east View.
13. Melrose Abbey, South View.
14. Oxford Castle, Kent, East View.
15. Kildare Abbey, North-west View.
16. Limerick Priory, West View.
17. Gloucester Cathedral.
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